

# WAR CRY



VOL. XL No. 43. [General of the S.A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, JULY. 27, 1895. [Commandant for Canada and Newfoundland.] PRICE 5 CENTS.

## BLINDLY SELF-CENTRED.

"Evil is wrought by want of thought."

*THIS fair white linen, wrought for me,*

*Is sown by hands that toil  
Between the straits of penury  
And famine, yet my heart can see  
No deadly taint, no soil ;  
I read no interwoven spell  
Of Self, high priest of hell.*

*These gay birds in their lofty cage  
Are fondly cherished still—  
Yet through their native forests rage  
Red-handed slaughterers, who wage  
Grim war, for my good will ;  
I see no blood, no conscience stings,  
I get me dainty wings.*

*I hear that in a deadlier strife  
Eve's daughters faint and fall—  
But since love holds my guarded life  
Of tender maid or happy wife,  
I heed it not at all ;  
Nor feel around my heart the spell  
Of Self, high priest of hell.*

*I greet upon the public ways,  
And welcome to my home,  
You rone whose lascivious gaze  
A demon in the man betrays,  
Though he with angels roam.  
Ah ! what if one I cherished fell,  
Lured by his light from hell ?*

*What if those toiling hands, one day,  
Be pointed all on me ?  
What if the woodland slaughterers  
Lay  
Red on my skirts their mangled prey,  
That heaven and earth may see ;  
And cruel conscience stabs and  
stings,  
For all my dainty things ?*

*What if my fallen sisters cry  
For fellowship in pain,  
Since pitiless I passed them by,  
Who scorned from man's betrayal  
lie,  
Powerless to rise again ?  
O God of mercy, do away  
This guiltiness, I pray !*

*What if the wine-cup, pressed by me,  
Be red with blood of souls ?  
What if the wrongs I would not see  
Came hissing through eternity,  
Like serpents from their holes ?  
O Christ of God, speak now love's  
spell  
And break the yoke of hell !*

R. E. G. RICH, W. A.

## THE SWEATER



"SELF, HIGH PRIEST OF HELL."

Mr John Street says: "Sweating will never be stopped so long as the public insist upon always buying at the very cheapest possible price, irrespective of the condition of the worker."

There is a heinous crime in our modern civilization which should come under the ban of every soldier and servant of Christ, viz.: sweating.

Its root, like all other ungodliness, lies in the selfishness of mankind, but the root has developed most rapidly under the influence of modern business competition.

Dollars and cents must be turned in. Six feet of earth will easily accommodate the individual when he "shuffles off this mortal coil," but while acting his part here he essays almost boundless control. David said to God, "All my springs are in Thee;" but the modern sweater originates all his springs in his own selfishness, from which point they form bolt lines in every direction.

It is urged that it is impossible nowadays to successfully conduct business on the do-as-you-would-be-done-by principle. We say frankly we do not believe this statement. Its disproof can be demonstrated by actual facts, but if any sweater imagines he is correct in that statement then he should give up all business that cannot be done righteously. Better join the submerged and get a ten acre plot in the Over-Six Colony than stand on the coffin of the dead to pile up coin. Amongst fortune-makers there are some men who have "made money," every coin of which is enriched with human blood. Is your money clean? Straight talk comes from the Book on this matter. Read:

"Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you.  
"Your riches are corrupted, and your garments moth-eaten.  
"Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days."

"Behold, the hire of the laborers which have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth: and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth."—JAMES V. 2, 3 and 4.

Crieth! Oh! thou who has "made money," dost thou hear that word "crieth." The voices of your trampled-to-death brethren will yet be heard, though it be not till the great Judgment Day.

JONAS COMBLES.

# CAPT. STUBBS,

Of Blenheim.

**SLOWEST MOPE THE LORD EVER SAVED**  
—THIRD TO WIGGLE OUT—ADJ.  
TAYLOR'S INFLUENCE—MAR-  
RIED—FATHER DIES—  
"MORE THAN EVER  
SALVATIONIST."

MY LIFE has not been a very eventful one. I was neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, but the son of a farmer, consequently I knew more about farming than preaching, though I knew when the preacher did a good thing.

My parents were honest, in every sense of the word. My mother was a Methodist of the plain, old-fashioned type. She never troubled about the fashions. Father made no profession whatever about religion, and said that he did not think those who did were any better than him. He never tasted liquor nor used tobacco, nor would he allow it to be used in the house.

I had good desires, and if that would have made me a Christian I would have been one long ago, but there was something else besides good desires in an evil heart. I did try my hand at being a Christian when young, but I guess I never was. In very deep, consequently I soon got out, and lived in that state for a number of years, until the Gospel Army struck town, when I, with some more, were converted. They never preached boldness, souls exploded, and were no more, so we hung on together until the Salvation Army came, took us in, looked after and cared for us.

My! what a time some of the officers had with us. I often wondered how ever they were so patient when some of us were so slow. I think I was the slowest mope the Lord ever saved.

I JOINED the church in the country in the hope of being a blessing to my companions there, quite a number of them being then just converted, and with the majority of them, if not all, I soon began to dry and wither up. In about three or four months I got tired of that, and started back for home, and have been there ever since. I soon applied for the field, and was hoping the photo I sent to Headquarters would give them such an opinion of me they would refuse my application. I tried to wiggle out of it, but had to come down to it in a very short time. Left my home, Walkerton, half scared, for the Training Home, on July 14, 1890. Managed to pass through that institution perfectly untroubled with the rules and regulations of the Home, especially the influence of Adj. Taylor, then in charge.



ROY STUBBS, son of Capt. and Mrs. Stubbs, of Blenheim.

Promoted Lieutenant, sent to Prescott, Beuchburg, Almonte, Athens, on furlough, then sent to London II. My, what a place to train one! The Captain shipped and left me. Promoted Captain, and finished the fight there alone. Forest next, with a proper, good fight. Souls saved and made in to soldiers. Clinton, Senfirth, Mitchell, with the handful of soldiers doing a very good thing, making week end and banquet, \$81.25. Farewell from there, and was married to Captain Sandick on Dec. 19, 1898. Took charge of Goderich. There three months. Got word my father was hurt. Went home immediately, to find he had passed away. Ten

months out, hardly knowing which way to turn or do for the best; made up our minds to leave a station, and here we are in Blenheim. We are more than ever Salvationists. Yours in the war,

CAPT. AND MRS. STUBBS,  
Blenheim.

## ONCE MUCH PREJUDICED

—WAS—

SERG. NELLIE DOWNEY,

Of Kingston,

Now L. B. Agent, Ward 2, and Candidate.

SAYS ADJUTANT MAGEE to the Editor: "Some time ago you asked for life sketch of agents, with photo. This is my first. I hope to keep it going in future."

"T. A. MAGEE, Adjutant."

Hear, hear, Adjutant!—Other L. B. Agents note.—Ed.



SERGEANT NELLIE DOWNEY,  
O. B. M. Agent at Kingston, Ont., Ward No. II.

Born at Sydenham, Ontario. Parents, Church of England. Felt herself a great sinner, especially when lightning flashed and thunder roared. Age of fifteen moved to Kingston. Lived next door to barracks. Seldom attended for two years—much prejudiced. Captain York comes on scene. Souls got saved (Jesus lifted draws the crowd). Much convicted. Could not get saved at home. Volunteered. Found liberty. Seized by fever. Battle for life for four months. Brother and sister got converted, also Roman Catholicism. Lot better. Together with others joined Army. One year a soldier. Promoted War Cry Sergeant. After two years appointed Grace-Before-Death agent. Now candidate for field. Plays guitar skillfully, sings for Jesus, and is happy.

The above was set up for last week's Cry, but crowded out at the last moment.—Ed.

## HIS FOOTSTEPS.

"Our Lord may come at midday,  
When the noontide meal is spread,  
And take us away to Heaven,  
To feast with Himself instead."

"It may be in the twilight,  
When the day's work is almost done,  
The hour we give to the children,  
Joining their childish fun."

"But be it morn, or midnight,  
At noontide, or twilight sweet,  
May our lamps be trimmed and burn-  
ing."

At the coming of His feet."

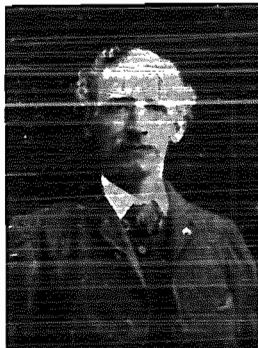
—English Cry.

HALIFAX L.—We held our annual picnic on July 3rd at Prince's Lodge. Beautiful day, a large attendance, everyone seemed to enjoy themselves. The Lord is blessing us, sinners are coming to the cross, proving God's power to save. Sergt-Major Caslin

## A CORNWALL SOLDIER GOES HOME.

"His warfare now is ended,  
The sounds of battle cease."

Our comrade, Charlie Casson, entered into that rest that remaineth for the people of God on Wednesday night, the 22nd of May, at 10 o'clock, ending



BRO. CHAS. CASSON, late of Cornwall, now "present with the Lord."

his seven years of fighting and his 48 years of mercies from our Father's hand. Taken ill on Saturday night, neither his family and friends, nor his doctors, thought it was death till Wednesday afternoon. He was able to meet the doctors' warning that man could see no farther hope of life for him here with, "It's all right." His thoughts were for those he was leaving. He wished and looked in vain for his eldest son, who had been sent for from Boston, but his eyes were closed to Cornwall and to earth before he arrived. In the afternoon of that last day he asked his loved daughter to sing. She waited till he repeated his request several times, thinking it was a wandering thought. "Play something, then, dear, if you can't sing," he whispered. She took up the book, and it opened at "I'm the child of a King," a favorite of his, and they sang it together, his voice rising in the song.

It was a very large funeral indeed. A multitude of women and children waited for us at the cemetery, and a great number of Oddfellows and Foresters took part in the service.

"Yes, we'll gather at the river  
That flows by the throne of God."  
M. P., for CAPT. TOOLE.

## A SOLDIER'S LIFE, A SOLDIER'S CROWN.

Sister Mrs. Porter in Heaven.

Seven years ago last January the Salvation Army opened in Kemptonville, Capt. Grace McKenna in charge, and one of the first converts was Mrs. W. J. Porter. She knelt at the pentecost form, fully convinced that she was a sinner, and there claimed the promise of the Saviour to "cleanse from all sin." Her conversion was a thorough work, as her life since has proved.

### AMONG THE FIRST

to be enrolled was our now "angel-saluted sister," and her one desire was to be a faithful soldier, and many a God-given message she delivered in the open-air and from the platform. For Christ's sake she endured much persecution, but through her faithfulness to the S. A. she endured it like a good soldier. She was also Patient for the Lord. She kept at her health gave way, and she could not attend the meetings as regularly as was her wont. Yet her faith was in Christ, and a few hours before the end, being very weak, the writer asked her if she was

trusting Jesus for all. She replied, "Oh, yes,"

and her face shone with the light of glory.

Her desire was to have an Army funeral, and some days before her death she told us. Later that she wanted to be buried as a soldier, in full uniform, song-book, Bible and tobacco placed on the coffin while going to the grave, so that the people could see that she was a Salvationist, but her dying request was not granted, and the corps had not the privilege of performing the last sad rites.

The following Sunday evening Capt. and Mrs. Porter held a most impressive memorial service, which was well attended by soldiers, Christians, and others, who knew the life of our sister. Appropriate solos were sung, also some of her favorite choruses, soldiers and Christians testifying as to her piety, life and beautiful Christian character.

A. M. G.

## Missoula, Mont.

GLORIOUS VICTORIES—ARMY IN SA-  
LOON—A LIBERAL PROPRIETOR.  
HAMILTON'S TIP-TOE TIME—64  
WAR CRYS SOLD—PIONEER  
PART.

We altered our usual plan recently. Instead of holding an open-air meeting, we marched down the street into the Headquarters Saloon (by the permission of the proprietor), took charge of the platform, and used for the musicians, and he is meeting. Good crowd, very attractive. When the collection was taken up the proprietor dropped \$1 in the tambourine. Total collection, \$1.00. God bless the saloon keeper for his generosity toward us and the Army.

(Later)—LIEUT. QUANT and FLAG SERGT. FROST took the train for Hamilton, 48 miles away, to hold the first S. A. meeting there.

Broas. Young, Lawrence, Becker, and Wright, followed later. As soon as we arrived in Hamilton we found and procured a hall, then began to sell War Cry and announce the evening meeting, and sold sixty-four War Crys that afternoon. At 8 o'clock, on Main street, we had about 200 people standing around the open air, good order prevailed. We then marched to the hall, the crowd following and filling the hall.

The people were told by the Lieutenant that they would be notified who were the next to march into Hamilton. We think that it would be a good place to start a corps, as it will be self-supporting, and that the Army will reach a class that the churches cannot.

There can be four outposts started in the vicinity: Grant's, three miles; South-Corralville, five miles south-east; Victor, seven miles north, and Stevensville, twenty miles north-east.

This is a thickly settled country, all around the people seemed to be very willing to have a corps opened there. God bless Hamilton, there are so many souls to rescue.

It is a fine lumbering country. They have one of the finest mills west of the Mississippi river; capacity of mill about 300,000 feet per day.

While we were gone to Hamilton to fight the devil, the four comrades that were left at home also had the devil to contend with. While they were away, their knees praying in the open-air the devil came, in the shape of a man who is well known in Missoula, and is

### A Slave to Strong Drink.

He tried to stop one of the comrades from praying, but he prayed on him. He could not stand the red hot shots any longer, but retreated into the saloon. Praise God for the victory once more. On the eve of the 28th.

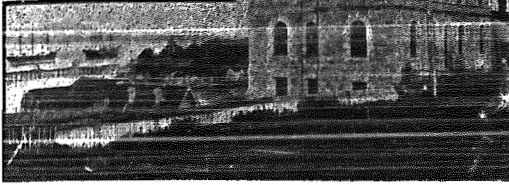
Lieut. Quant, Bros. Frost and Fredericks

visited the county jail, where a number of men are confined for signs of madness, and also two women for being insane. They saw a man named War Cry, and spoke to them about their souls. One of the women said she prayed three or four times a day. God bless the poor souls who are confined there.—Flag-Sergt. Chas. Frost and Treasurer W. A. Frederick.

"THE BLACK DIAMOND CITY."

## Nanaimo

Corps History.



Post Office, Nanaimo.

A THOUSAND DOLLAR LOT LEVELLED  
— NEW BARRACKS SHAPING —  
PRAYERS AND PLAYERS — FIRE-  
BELLS — WAR TACTICS — JOLLY  
LITTLE JUNIORS — NUMBERLESS  
GEMS.

ONE OF OUR LASSIE OFFICERS in the field, Lieutenant Annie Hurst, of Edmonton, Alberta, who had been a soldier on the other side of the Atlantic, came into the corps while Captain Coulter was in charge. She stuck to her post as a soldier until, feeling her call to the front of the fight, she sent in her application as a candidate, was accepted, and farewelled April 18, 1894, for Winnipeg Garrison. After four months' service there as cadet she was promoted, and has since been stationed in Mooseomin and Edmonton. The opinion of many when she left Nanaimo was that she would be dead in three months, but she is not dead yet, and asserts that she does not feel a bit like dying, but still belongs to

## The "Cheer-Up Brigade."

When these two brave lassies said good-bye to Nanaimo the corps was in splendid condition, both financially and spiritually.

Captain Fraser and Lieutenant (now Captain) Kadey next took charge. The work went ahead faster than ever, every night the marches and open-air were well attended, while the platform often proved too small, as fresh converts were made into blood-and-fire soldiers.

During Captain Fraser's term of command a very important business transaction took place, viz., the purchase of the ground on which the S. A. barracks now stands. The price of the lot, \$1000, was raised by the soldiers, exclusive of outside help. The lot was very rough, and many an hour's work was put in by the soldiers levelling it down and getting it in shape for building.



Another advance made about this time was the forming of a brass band. Previously, the only music by which the message of salvation had been delivered to the people on the street was that produced by

## The Lusty Throats

of the soldiers, in addition to the valuable aid of the big drum.

The prospective bandmen set to work with a will, some instruments were procured, and a young man offered to teach them free of charge. This was no small task, but under his supervision they made steady progress. The first tune accomplished was the well-known song,

"I believe we shall win,"

and is characteristic of the spirit in which the effort was put forth.

God helped them, and they did win, in His strength, as can be seen by the flourishing brass band of Nanaimo corps to-day. When Joe Williamson became a Salvationist he was appointed bandmaster. Under his leadership the band went ahead, and has been ever since, though B. M. Williamson has removed from Nanaimo to California. At present Bandmaster A. Duggan leads them on to victory.

## In Matters Musical,

with the instructive assistance of his brother, the original teacher, who is now a soldier, and in the name of their Saviour they are going forward, desirous of being a help and blessing to others who are in sin. They fully understand that it is necessary to be prayers as well as players, and as they use their instruments in producing the music, they want to be used in God's hand in saving souls.

The next in charge was Captain Hayes, an officer who has only to be known to be loved by everyone. During her stay she was assisted by Lieutenant Allanson, and the Scotch lassie also, Lieutenant Johnson. She was much used of God while here.

Many sinners were turned into blood-and-fire soldiers.

IN FEBRUARY, 1892, on the occasion of the visit of Commissioner D. Rees to the coast, the land for the barracks was dedicated by him, and quite a large sum of money raised for the building.

An officer, well known in Ontario, went to the Training Home from this corps when Captain Hayes was in charge. We refer to Captain Charles Beachell, whose life history appeared in the War Cry a few months ago.

On his arrival in Nanaimo in March, 1891, he was a "member" of the Methodist church, but, to use his own words, a very poor one. God wanted him in the Army, and, after a few months' consideration, he could be found on the platform.

## Clad in Gospel Armour.

After fighting some time as a soldier, the call for the field came. He obeyed, and on June the 8th, 1892, farewelled from "the old corps that brought him to the fold."

Since that time, having been promoted to the rank of Captain, he has had many and varied appointments, but God's grace has been sufficient every step of the way, and he thanks Him for ever leading him to the S.A. in Nanaimo.

The corps was in splendid condition, finances good, and the soldiers' roll on the increase, when—farewell orders again.

We were glad to welcome in our midst Captain Muscarr, of Victoria, and Lieutenant Faskin.

These officers were well-known War Cry boomers, and many different incidents could be told which were experienced while

## Bombarding the Saloons.

Then, as now, many of the bartenders took the War Cry every week, and were greatly disappointed if by any means they were missed, but occasionally an exception to the rule was found.

Captain Muscarr one day went into a saloon, and on asking the young man behind the bar to buy a War Cry, received an answer in the affirmative. He had only time to lay down the money when the proprietor, who was present, said that no War Crys were to be sold in his house, as the S. A. people were always working against his business. The bartender was determined to have the Cry, and his employer vice versa. To settle their differences they started to fight, but in the meanwhile the practical Captain procured the money, left the War Cry, and went her way.

LIVE.

DUCKS, CHICKENS, FOWL,  
and even a STEER were  
donated to last year's

Harvest Festival, HURRAH!



## That Chief of Police—Didn't we Sing—Old Veterans—Crowds and Souls.

We are STILL IN SANDUSKY, having grand meetings outside and in.

Sunday morning we had a grand open-air. At our hall the Chief of Police met us and would not allow us to play our band, but we did sing, you can just imagine.

Out again, and crowds gathered, listened, and followed us to the hall, packed from platform to the door. BULLER, OUR NOTED EX-MONK, was to tell the story of his conversion.

After this, the Adjutant, accompanied by Bro. Ames, of the Brigade, and Bro. Stapleton, of Sandusky, paid another visit to

## The Old Soldiers' Home.

Three hundred were there to meet them, and followed them up to their library.

Oh, what a sight, to see hundreds of old veterans, who had fought so nobly for their country, drinking in every word! Here, if there a sigh could be heard, followed by tears.

THE HALL WAS CROWDED before we returned. On the need of salvation in Sandusky!

This is a city of twenty thousand population. There are 280 saloons, and I am told, on good authority, that there are over two hundred young women in

## These Hell-Holes of Sin.

Business houses are all open on Sunday, and everything is going on just the same, and yet there is no S. A. here.

When we bid farewell we had the largest meeting of our stay, one of the finest and best of the trip. Even in this city of sin we had to thank God for two precious souls who sought mercy.

Tuesday we LEFT FOR CANADA. Spent a night at an out-post called WHEATLEY, and started off for CLEVELAND. We have had three grand meetings in this city. There are nine corps, a Rescue Home, and Children's Shelter. This is a salvation city, but yet there is lots of work to be done. J. V. A.

TEMPLE—Victory is our song this morning, a hard fight all week, but last night the break came. EIGHTY surrendered. Great rejoicing time among the troops. Hallelujah!—Ensign Ayre.



GENERAL VIEW OF NANAIMO, B. C.

# MAJOR JEWER.

Word Received from Heavenly Headquarters to

**"MOVE ON"**

Yet Another Step.

## The Boy.

JAMES JEWER was born in NEW-FOUNDLAND. The son of a sea-captain, Harbor Grace was his birth-place.

Before his mother's death he had attended Sunday school and church, but only because he had to. Afterwards he dropped it entirely, having no personal interest in it, and seeing there was no one to keep him up to it. His father was away six or eight months a year, so with his brothers and sisters he was left almost entirely to himself. As to religious convictions or aspirations, they were almost entirely absent until he met the Army.

## The Man.

He decided he wanted to be a SHOEMAKER, so he had a try at a shoe factory. He soon got tired and threw it up.

Next he knuckled down to BARTENDING, till someone met him in the street and asked him if he was going to spend his life POURING OUT EXAMINATION to his fellow-creatures. Soon after he found he was tired of that job, too, but it was not from any conscientious scruples he gave up bar-tending.

CARPENTERING was the next venture. Flourishing the hammer, building and framing houses, he found full scope for his super-abundant energy. The crowd amongst whom he worked took a liking to him, and the new lad learned to like the taste of liquor far too well.

He was always a great one for life, LIFE! Give him anything with plenty of life and action, and he could be as happy as the day was long, whilst whatever savored of "religion" he utterly abhorred—regarding it as the very antipodes of his own nature.

Still the voice of God spoke to him with words of warning in a way that he could not choose but hear through many a scene around him, in those days of lawless, reckless fun and frolic. More than once he barely escaped with his life.

## The Salvationist.

At last the Salvation Army came to St. John's. They opened fire at a place called "The Barrens." Crowds and hundreds were there to be seen, including many Catholics, and the greeting they received was a warm one.

Now, although "one of the boys," and cherishing a profound enmity towards anything "religious," still he loved to see fair play. So, as soon as sods and stones began to fly freely, he was in for a fight, and hustled his way through to get near the women to take their part, thoroughly enjoying the row.

Nothing would induce him to go in to the meetings, however, for a long time, until they opened in an old factory. Even then he did not like it, his prejudice against hymn-singing and such-like was too strong. But some of his friends "got saved," and the change in him was so evident that he had to admit to himself that there was "something in it."

Then it was not long before he was SOUNDLY CONVERTED.

It was not long before he found himself in front of the battle as Cadet in the field.

It seemed to him to be a splendid thing to be able and able to fight with all his might and all his time for the kingdom of God.

After Cathlam, Lieut. Jewer was sent to Halifax. New Glasgow, Dart-



MAJOR JEWER.

mouth, Fredericton, St. John I., and Charlottetown followed.

After this he became A. D. C. to Brigadier Scott, then he was sent in charge of the St. John District, under Brigadier Jacobs; finally to the Halifax District. The Commandant visited his quarters there whilst waiting to cross the water.

So after he "got a move on" to Toronto, in charge of the Temple Corps and Toronto District. Then as A. D. C. to Central Province, Commander of the Naval Brigade, Delegate to the C. P. London, England, and leader of the Self-Denial Brigade, he spent a very eventful year. Promoted STAFF-CAPTAIN, and accompanied the General right through from B. C. A long sickness kept him behind the scenes for some weeks, till as Acting Provincial Secretary for Central Ontario, he took the title of MAJOR.

## What His Comrades Say.

PROFOUND AND HEARTFELT are the expressions of grief amongst his comrades at Headquarters, and throughout the Province, in fact from end to end of the Dominion. There is universal mourning, as when a hero falls, and yet the cloud has a radiant silver lining.

TO THE COMMANDANT AND MRS. BOOTH the death of Major Jewer has come like a great shock, for he was exceedingly beloved by his leaders. He was one of their most devoted and most loyal officers, one who never doubted them a moment's anxiety.

COLONEL HOLLAND looked as if his heart were too full for speech. "Dear old Jewer," he said, "I cannot realize the fact that he has gone. His death is a great blow to the Canadian Army. Men of his stamp are, unfortunately, very few.

"Why he should have been taken just at the moment when we appeared to need him most is hard to understand. It is, however, one of those matters which we can leave with God in His confidence.

"In a letter I received, previous to the telegram, Mrs. Jewer says: 'HE SUFFERED EXCRUCIATING PAIN for two days and one night, and his sufferings were only relieved by the morphine powders. The pain he passed through so reduced him that he became as helpless as an infant.'

"I cannot tell you the darkness of the past two weeks. But in my darkness there has been a ray of light shed abroad, and now fills my being, that nothing is 'impossible with God.'

Major told me on Wednesday afternoon that a few days more and all would be over, but I cannot give him up.

"Major said you must write Toronto telling them how ill I am, so they may know and pray. Ask the commandant to pray. Our God is the living God, and will answer, I do believe."

BRIGADIER JACOBS pushed all his papers to one side.

"It seems almost impossible to believe Major Jewer has departed from our midst," he pondered, sorrowfully. "I have personally known him for nearly six years, been acquainted with him in a way that some others have not.

"I knew him first as a Captain, and saw him last as a Major at the Union station, Toronto, on his way to the East.

## He Loved God.

worked hard for souls, believed firmly in putting forth every possible effort to get them saved. He had no sympathy for the extremely sentimental people, whose sentiment did not reach practice.

"He believed more in principle than perience. When the banner trembled and gave out, he still held to the principle. Such men Canada can ill afford to lose. I pray in and through his death more may be slain than in his life-time."

MAJOR READ, himself far from well, continued:

"LOVING, DEVOTED, LOYAL, hard-working, humble as a child, brave as a warrior, his very presence always had an influence for good over me. I love to tell people from personal experience that Major Jewer fought his way right through the gates of Heaven. He last public words, that, did God see fit to spare his life, he would gladly take the hardest corps in the Dominion, in proof of his devotion and love for the flag. Who will take this fallen warrior's place?"

ADJUTANT PHILLIPS said: "I cannot express how deeply I feel this blow, personally.

"I have known the Major for the last seven years, and his life has ever been to me an inspiration. I knew him down cast before he came to Toronto.

"I thoroughly believe he was

## A Salvationist to the Very Heart's Core.

He would have died for the cause, it was his life, he was wrapt up in it with his whole soul. It is as heavy a blow as the Army could have experienced. We want more men like him.

"He was frequently in and out of the office, talking and cheering us up, and though, of course, to a certain extent, we expected it, the news of his death has come as a terrible shock.

"ON THE TRIP TO ENGLAND last summer, Major Jewer was a father to the whole C. P. contingent. Whilst most of us were sea-sick, he was the very essence of kindness and sympathy, cheering us up—in fact, he was the life of the party."

PERTH—We have two outposts in this place, where we visit occasionally. Good crowds, great attention, also fair collections. The names are Fairbrother and Leask. Perth is still in existence. Looking forward for a break. Receiving very warm and fresh powder. Going to the command and vice, blowing up the foundations. N. T., and A. A. Kelly.

# Brigadier Clibborn,

Comesopitain Salvationist.

ONE OF THE OVER-SEA-COLONY FOREIGN PARTY.

A Few Notes About His Work in South America and Other Places.

A genuine Salvationist he is. Medium build, nicely compact, with a broad face, and kindly, sparkling eyes, and the full beard and moustaches, and every movement gentlemanly. He greets you with a smile and a heartiness that is infectious.

BRIGADIER CLIBBORN has just paid a flying visit to Toronto Headquarters on his way to the Northwest. Accompanying the Commandant, he goes to reconnoitre on behalf of the Over-Sea Colony. Like his distinguished brother, Commissioner Booth Clibborn, of France, he is AN IRISHMAN by birth. He belongs to a Quaker family, and was brought up under the religious influence of that body.

Being of rather an independent frame of mind, and being desirous to shake off the "religious atmosphere of his Quaker surroundings," he started for California at the age of twenty, and after ten years of travelling and adventuring, he in the GOLD AND SILVER MINING CAMPS of Colorado, New Mexico, and Old Mexico, he returned to the Old Country ten years later.

## A Professed Infidel.

WHILE IN PARIS for a few days diversion before returning to Mexico, he ran across the Salvation Army, and at once became interested.

Shortly after his conversion he entered the ranks of the Army, and was dispatched as Lieutenant to assist in establishing some posts in France, near the German frontier. While on this service, and holding an open ear near one of the frontier forts, he was ARRESTED AS A RUFFIAN BY the French authorities and marched into the fort, with the bayonets of two sentries at his back. Happily, the officer in command knew something about the Salvation Army, and so the dangerous spy was soon set at liberty.

In one of the villages in which he worked THREATS OF HANGING were freely scattered by the mischievous population, and one attempt was made to put the threat into practice.

After several years' work in France he was promoted to the rank of Major, and MARRIED IN PARIS to an officer who had already been in the work some years. They were appointed to the work in the Swiss cantons, during which time a solid work was accomplished.

During their several years' command IN BELGIUM a number of posts were established, but the commander's strain had so impaired his health that he was ordered to leave. Mrs. Clibborn being left in command in Belgium.

The Major's next mission was to SOUTH AFRICA, where, at the Cape's meeting, a number of operative were engaged, and the million population, with the establishment of the Over-the-Sea Colony.

Then came orders to take command of the work in SOUTH AMERICA. In the Argentine and Uruguay, the population, with the million population, with the establishment of the Over-the-Sea Colony.

During two years the work has been thoroughly organized, and it is now in a satisfactory condition, taking into consideration the peculiar conditions, and that it is in a Catholic country.

Then came orders to take command of the work in SOUTH AMERICA.

In answer to a cable he sent me the above.



# GREAT FALLS'

HALLELUJAH PICNIC.

Showers of Rain and  
Showers of Blessing.

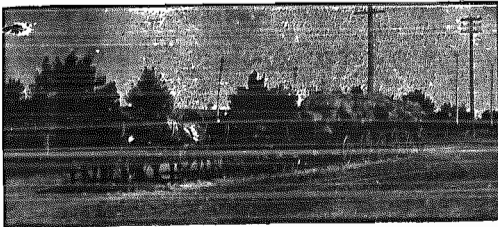
IN A BREWERY.

Great Falls Soldiers Celebrate  
"The Glorious Fourth" by  
a Picnic.

At the picnic grounds the order went forth, "everybody enjoy themselves," and they did. At one o'clock lunch was announced. A sumptuous feast, with everything before us that the appetite could wish. The feast had scarcely commenced when a dark cloud, that had been the point of observation for some time, sent forth its warning notes. Shortly after the broken fragments had been gathered the rain commenced. Someone suggested going to

The New Brewery,

In process of construction. Nearly everyone was short on the move, and soon arrived. Seats were arranged round the building, and then

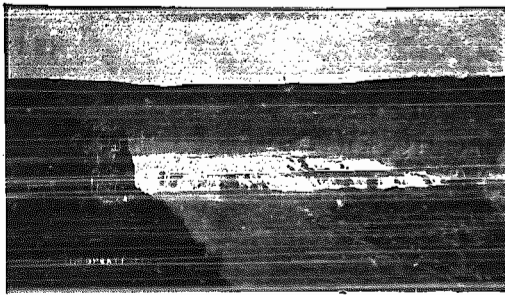


MARKETING WOOL in Great Falls.

commenced "showers of blessings." Solos, duets, quartettes and choruses rang through the building. Everyone was happy. Everyone had a testimony. Many spent the fourth for the first time in God's service, and did not fail to show the difference between serving the devil and serving God. No sore heads, and no sore hearts. God was with us indeed. We felt that good had been done for the cause, by showing the sinners around that we could enjoy ourselves, and still find time to praise God. As a result of the meeting, some of the faces we saw at the brewery were in our hall at night.

At night we had a liberty meeting, when everybody told what they had been saved from.

Drink, Morphine and Tobacco were the principal things. All were very happy. A special collection was taken up to make up the loss of some forty dollars of corps money. Our present treasurer lives out several



THE GREAT FALLS, Montana.

miles, and the officers have to act as treasurer. Forty dollars at an S. A. quarters is unusual, and so the person that took it must have thought. Everybody pray for the man that stole the money.

Great Falls corps will yet furnish many officers for the work. We have a number who should be in the work now, although we shall miss them very much. We feel that God wants them, so we say, amen, hallelujah! Everybody is pleased with the new officers, and shall be glad to see them very often. Yours for God and souls, HARRY.

## Off for Helena.

After again going over a high mountain in zig zag fashion, our train entered a fertile looking valley. First many places showed signs of lumbering and cord-wood cutting. The cut wood is floated down the mountains by "shoots," being sluices built for a long way of board, and carried by trestles over gulleys and streamlets, to the destiny. There is also considerable farming done, and altogether the valley from Butte to Helena is thickly enough populated to be worked as a circus corps without difficulty. A few mines and smelters help to make things lively.

A few miles before reaching Helena the mountains diverge to right and left and leave a large flat. We passed right through Helena, until we again enter the mountains northerly. The plains are covered with a species of wild cactus, called "prickly pear," which is now in full bloom, having a large, yellow flower. There is not so much of a population here, nor has the country such an encouraging aspect. However, after we touch the Missouri River and follow its valley, there appears a few thrifty settlements. Irrigation is the solution of the difficulty caused by the lack of rain. They tell us in Great Falls that from spring to fall there is next to no rain at all.

Great Falls is a nice town, of clean appearance. The great smelters are a considerable distance out of town, on the banks of the Missouri, which has some attractive falls here, and whose water power is utilized to advantage. The banks are high. The greatest falls of the Missouri are about fifteen miles northerly from the city.

Capt. Gillette and wife had a "Drunkard's Home" and ice cream social the night before our visit, and another ice cream affair the night of our meetings were held in a special hall, and a very good audience greeted us on Thursday evening. The soldiers turned out well. Salvation runs in families here. I can't remember how many of the families were represented, but they seemed numerous as the sand on the seashore.

Friday night we had the joy of seeing one soul come to the Saviour and determine to have another go to the devil. We marched out at 10 p.m. and had an orchestra of brass bands in front of a music and beer hall. While a female orchestra served music to beer and whiskey, we preached Jesus Christ and His salvation to a splendid crowd outside, and believe how God's Spirit gripped many hearts. Captain and Mrs. Gillette, and four little Gillettes, are all alive, and mean to be so to their opportunities to advance the kingdom.

A convert from Helena, who was with us, told how God had saved him from his sorrow sin. He used to take 28 grains of morphine to keep himself going, but now is delivered from that curse.

Back to Helena on Saturday. We were sorry to find Capt. Melndoe not well, and pray that her treatment may be blessed by God to the restoration of her health. The barracks is situated right on Main street, between saloons, etc., where all our bar-

racks ought to be. Saturday the crowds turned out very good indeed, and the hot water necessitated ice cream social to cool us all off. So you see they did not want us to get excited in any of the corps.

Sunday meetings went off well. If God was with us, who can win against us? There were quite a few splendid cases of conversion here. Look out, Mr. War Cry, for some interesting news and life experiences from this corps. Two soldiers enrolled, "one at the time," on Sunday afternoon. Sunday night, one soul found pardon. He was a railroad worker who got so convicted on Saturday that he could not sleep much, and was in misery all day on Sunday. God delivered him and blessedly saved that

Monday we had the pleasure of meeting with the officers from Butte, Capt. Stevens and Lieut. Lester, Lieut. Quant, from Missoula, and Capt. and Mrs. Gillette, from Great Falls. We had a very profitable and blessed time in our little council, and all felt that God united us in the desire to lift up the flag that salvation may be spread on every hand. Now, watch us and see if not every one of these officers will take the kingdom of God by violence and boom salvation.

At night we went to church. The committee of the First Baptist church had expected a kind invitation to us to hold our jubilee in their church. We gave a review of the Army's work, followed with songs and addresses from different officers. One soul came to Jesus and found pardon. Another sought salvation, but not being willing to forgive her offender, could not find forgiveness of God. May Jesus soon find her willing and save her.

After eleven days' absence we got back to Spokane, with a greater hope for the future. Victory must come if God does not die.

Visions of scissors and W. P. B. induced me to say good-bye till the next time.

MAJOR BRUNO FRIEDRICH.

## PACIFIC POINTERS.

SAVED ON A DEATH-BED — BOULDER VALLEY — "PRICKLY PEAR" — GREAT FALLS — ICE CREAM — SALVATION IN FAMILIES — HELENA MEETINGS AND OFFICERS' COUNCIL — THE ARMY GOES TO CHURCH.

Capt. Stevens and Lieut. Lesser were called away at night to see a dying man, who wanted to get saved, and did find pardon. He died happy a few days afterwards and was buried by the Army. Hallelujah to our Saviour!

It was here where, not many months ago, a fire reached a deposit of powder and caused the death of about 100 souls, as well as many injured.

## MR. LAWFORD,

OF THE

## O.S.C. Survey Party.

"She was all packed up and ready. Died a beautiful death."

So said Mr. Lot Lawford to the writer on the day of his arrival in Toronto.

"But who is this Lot?" "Well, he is the farmer who comes from England and accompanies the Commandant, Colonel Stitt, and Brigadier Clibborn on their survey trip to the Great Northwest."

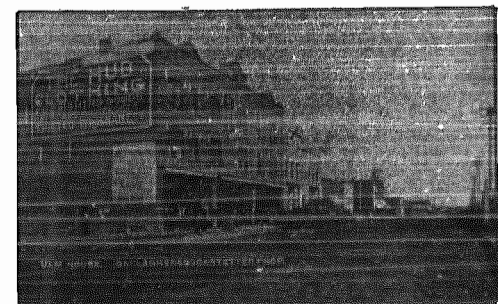
"But they say this Mr. Lawford is a relative of Major Read's. Is that so?"

"Yes, my friend, that is so, and the Major will remember the time when his cousin, Mr. Lawford, used to fight bravely for the Army when they first bombarded Basingstoke. In fact, Mr. Lawford's arm still feels the effect of that grip he gave the S. A. colors to keep them from passing into the hands of a howling mob."

"Then he must be a Salvationist?"

"Certainly he is, in spirit, although he has never been enrolled. He feels that he can serve the Army's interests far better in his daily sphere. He is a practical farmer, successful at his work, and he is a devoted writer that he prayed with and for his men before he left his home to come to Canada. His departure from the Old Land was hurried in the extreme. Telegrams came on the Wednesday, and he had to sail from Southampton on Saturday, July 6, and this bonny, brown, typical English farmer spent Sunday, July 14, in the roof of his cousin-Major Read's—some wonderful scenes of God's dealings he had to relate."

God bless this saved farmer.



GREAT FALLS—The building with the X marked above is the Barracks.

## LATEST! THE GENERAL IN DENMARK.

King's Garden celebration at Copenhagen, 6000 people present. Final engagement in the Riding House. Seventy souls. Beautiful Officers' Councils. 200 souls during Congress. Big Social advance. New Shelter to accommodate 250 men. Liberal contributions.

## The Commandant and O. S. C. Party.

Toronto, Monday, July 15.

Commandant and Over-Sea-Colony surveying party left for Edmonton District noon to-day, on inspection tour.



OFFICIAL ORGANO OF

## THE SALVATION ARMY

IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

A Journal devoted to the salvation of the lost and glorification of the saved, together with the propagation of the Salvation War in all places. Address all communications to the Editor, Salvation Army Headquarters, Toronto.

## MUCH-LOVED MAJOR JEWER.

He is gone! Brave warrior. Child-like heart. Loyal Salvationist. Happy, smiling follower of Jesus.

Ready to go to any position, anywhere, and just the kind of man needed—he has fallen in the fight. Like Enock, "he was not, for God took him."

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We know not. We do not understand. So far as we can see his place is here. The open doors before the Army, and the possibilities they offer for service in the cause of God and Humanity, at the present hour, are stupendous. Men of Major Jewer's stamp are what we most need, yet it has pleased God to promote him to His own presence, and we bow in submission to the Divine decree, believing that "the Judge of all the earth will do right." Our Father has permitted to glory in He permitted many other, to us, mysterious providences, and our answer is, "the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

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## THE ONE SPECIALLY BEREAVED.

Our precious and now exalted comrade has left one heart behind which must bleed as no other does. The two little ones cannot realize their great loss, but Mrs. Major Jewer feels the bitterness of widowhood, now that her noble husband and companion has gone from her side. For her the War Cry has no need to bespeak prayerful sympathy, for wherever the news of Major Jewer's translation to glory has reached over all this wide territory that sympathy will flow out spontaneously in no stinted measure. The Commandant and Mrs. Booth spoke in the highest possible terms of the Major as he died, and the following words, telegraphed to Mrs. Jewer by the Commandant on receipt of the sad news, declare the feelings of our leaders to the last:—

"Your message fills us with deep sorrow and sympathy. Our be-

loved Jewer is not lost, but gone before. Rely upon all our love and help can do for you. Exceedingly regret enforced departure Winnipeg to-morrow prevents my proceeding East en route funeral. Have therefore instructed Brigadier Scott to represent me."

God bless and sustain dear Mrs. Jewer. Amen and amen.

## A PRINCE IN OUR ISRAEL.

It is indeed no stretch of the imagination to say that all our people grieve over the loss. Reached and saved in an obscure city, outside which his name, otherwise, would, likely enough, not have been heard, he illustrates powerfully the unique ability of the Army to make winners of its people who have the sterling worth and ability necessary to fill the position. We say "prince" advisedly, for many a prince has died lacking the affection and sympathy so plentifully showered on dear Major Jewer.

Launched on the strong tides which prevail in the Army, he made royal progress, and had attained to a high and honorable rank and sphere of immense influence when the sword fell from his hand, and he reached higher for the palm of victory.

His absence renders it increasingly urgent to put most pointedly the question to all the people. Will you go to fill the place on the field he has left vacant? Look in the face of Jesus Christ, see what He has done as His share in redeeming this sin-swept world, and answer.

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## THE O.S.C. SURVEY PARTY.

The survey party, which left Britain July 6th, arrived at Toronto eight days after in excellent spirits, looking hale and hearty. Reference has already been made to the party (in the Commandant's Topics, see No. 42), which consists of Colonel Stitt, (whose life sketch and portrait appeared in War Cry No. 40), Governor of the Farm Colony, Haddleigh, Britain; Brigadier Culhorna, from South America, and Mr. Lawford, a practical and successful English farmer. The whole world has its eyes on them, although they came and left Toronto as unobtrusively, and too quickly pressed as they are for time to conduct many meetings, they will yet get a typical and whole-hearted welcome wherever a Salvationist gets near enough to them to give it. The Commandant heads the party.

ERRATA.—In the headline of last week's report of Ingersoll \$388 should read \$382.

## By: Mail: Bag.

"She Being Dead Yet Speaketh."

Dear Editor:

Just a line or two to you re our departed comrade, Capt. Hardman. Her life will always be to us an example of humble devotion and unflinching faith. It was one of those lives that shame the scoffer at sacred things because it was holy.

Her own difficulties were lost sight of in caring for the woes of others, while she herself lived in touch with her God.

CAPT. W. HUTCHIE.

We have secured a very desirable building, central location, for our Headquarters, and are now doing business from the S. & W. for all we are worth. Good luck to our Cry! ENSIGN F. E. SHEA.

ADDRESS of the Pacific Province is 825 Stephens Street, Spokane, Wash.

Dear Editor:—I was thinking wouldn't it be a good idea to have a column in the War Cry devoted to useful information, hints, recipes of different kinds, or anything that would benefit the readers in a temporary way?

SERGT.-MAJOR CASHIN.

Answer.—Yes, send on recipes answering to above; also see "useful information" column.—Editor.



## MARRIAGES.

Captain Dodge, of Collingwood, to Captain W. H. H. of Ottawa, on June 19th, at Ottawa, by Rev. J. G. McDonald.

Captain Fox, Grace-before-Mont Agent, Western Province, to Captain Drake, of the Ottawa Regiment, on June 19th, at Ottawa, by Rev. J. G. McDonald.

Ensign Fox, Toronto Social, to Captain Appleton, of Montreal, at Toronto, July 5th, by the Commandant.

## PROMOTIONS.

Captain Ritchie, of the Industrial Colony, to be Lieutenant H. D. Bale, General Secretary's office, Territorial Headquarters, to be Captain.

Lieutenant Fink, Toronto Social, to be Captain. Lieutenant Hilde, Industrial Colony, to be Captain.

## APPOINTMENTS.

Adjutant Cowan, Halifax Rescue Home, to be Ensign McDonald, Ottawa Rescue Home, to take charge of Halifax Rescue Home.

Ensign Fox, Toronto Social, to take charge of London Social Work.

Ensign Wale, D. O. Lindsay District, to take charge of Central Ontario Ladies' Rest Band.

HERBERT H. BOOTH, Commissioner.

## Headquarters' CRUMBS.

## SWEPT UP BY HARDFAK.

MRS. BOOTH'S FAVORITE SLUM CORPS, the Toronto Slum Corps No. 1, is still doing its God-sent work around Centre street. The results of the labors of these devoted ladies will be made manifest only on the final reckoning day.

ON COLONEL HOLLAND'S SHOULDERS falls some extra burdens during our leader's absence. Let us all bear him up.

MAJOR HOWELL is touring as far north as Sudbury. Mrs. Howell, on another tour, gets to Bracebridge. The Ladies' Band will do the Bowmansville, Lindsay, and Uxbridge districts, and the Tent Brigade goes up Collingwood way. So much for the C. O. I.

LATEST PROMOTIONS.—Captain Ritchie becomes Ensign, and Lieutenant Bale takes the red braid. Congratulations all round.

ADJUTANT MANTON, in addition to his P. G. B. work at Yorkville, takes the oversight of the City G. B. M. Scheme.

HURRAH for the Talent Scheme! Ensign Ayre has rolled up \$35, of which the War Cry Sergeant, Mrs. Pierce, gets \$10.

CANDIDATES, this way! Adjutant Booth has handed the Commandant the papers of four new cases. What about yours, brother, sister?

CHANGES! A farewell comes off almost immediately, in which the Temple, Riverside, St. Catharines, Uxbridge, Lindsay, and Grills corps are affected.

THE STAFF BAND spent the Sunday at St. Catharines. The afternoon meeting in the park was superb. "Was rather rough on the way back. Ask the boys how they liked it!"

THE WOMEN WARRIORS BRASS BAND had a splendid day at Ottawa. The banding was packed, six were taken, and two souls got saved. Volunteers are wanted.

THE COMMANDANT has arranged to be present at the Hamilton and Corbett's Point Camps in the middle of August.

THE C. O. ANNIVERSARY MEETINGS are coming off early in September. The Massey Music Hall is taken for a Musical Festival.

KINGSTON.—In spite of the weather and the many attractions in a city like Kingston, we get our crowds on Sundays, and good open-air work the week. Our team band does good service in helping us reach the giddy crowds. God bless the bandmaster and band boys. The string band also helps beautifully in open-air.

THE C. O. has a grand TWO souls for cleansing and FOUR backsliders and ONE sinner at night.—J. Fridmore, Lieut.

## TELEGRAPHED

FROM

West Morigenish, N. S., by Mrs. Major Jewer.

JULY 14th, '95.

Major promoted to heaven at ten o'clock last night. Funeral New Glasgow Tuesday, 2 p.m.

## Capt. Hardman

Quits St. Catharines for Canada.

## A MOST GLORIOUS DEATH-DEED.

"How Beautiful, It's a Free Passage"—She Saw Angels.

Out of EIGHT MONTHS' SEVERE ILLNESS, nine weeks were spent in the hospital. Here she died. Her suffering was in the extreme severe, yet she always had hopes of recovering.

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We found a LITTLE NOTE written by her hand. Here is it:—

"Cam to St. Catharines March 19, 1895. PRAISE GOD. In quietness and in confidence shall be my strength."

"Jesus, I will trust Thee. I desire health only that I may use it for God in pointing poor, lost sinners to Jesus."

"This was her life's ambition,

To do Something for Sinners.

She often would say, "O, how I would appreciate my privileges as an Army officer if I only had my health again. She desired so much to live that she might work, yet was quite satisfied to have God's will in everything."



THE LATE CAPT. HARDMAN.

Just before passing away, she asked her sisters, who were staying with her, to rise on her wings and they would all go together.

Then, with another thought in radiance she exclaimed, "How beautiful's a free passage! We have nothing to fear! Jesus will take us through!"

A little later

She Said, "Angels," and Passed Away.

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July 2nd we took her earthly frame to Lakeroyal, and were met at the depot by officers, soldiers, and a large number of citizens.

MRS. ENSIGN DOWELL and Palmerston soldiers assisted as pall bearers. Many people met at the house for the service, when the Rev. Mr. Hopkins read from the word of God, and we marched to the cemetery.

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A most impressive service was held. The soldiers testified to her life being such a blessing as a soldier. Mrs. Dowell spoke of her Godly life as a Cadet, and I was able to tell them something of her deep, loyal devotion to God and His work, as an officer.

ENSIGN MYLES.

BRAMPTON.—Desperate encounter with the powers of darkness. Victory on Jehovah's side. TWO SOULS in the fountain. I do believe!—Capt. J. A. Wiseman.

## A Friday Night Good-Bye

FROM

## THE COMMANDANT

TO

The Officers and Soldiers of Toronto.

Threatening weather hindered numerically, but not apparently the enthusiasm of the soldiers who, at short notice, assembled to hear the Commandant's farewell words, previous to his departure west.

The meeting was convened in the Soldiers' Assembly Hall, Temple. Major Read blew up the fire by leading the knee-drill previous to the Commandant's advent. Guess the Major imagined himself out west again by the style he led off and was followed.

IIIIIIII

The Commandant, who was in capital spirits, called for a family circle and a family party, and this will give an idea of the style of meeting we had. The Commandant wanted to talk to his soldiers as he could not to the public generally. Then he unfolded the Social Scheme, from its beginning to the yet unfulfilled future, from the despairing poverty of Old Country conditions to the grand finale, when, as a free man, in body, soul, and spirit, the once submerged would dwell in his own house, on his own farm, a happy, sane, prosperous citizen of earth and heaven. I believe the whole crowd would have volunteered to go had they been asked. As it was, Brigadier Jacobs, who was invited to say a word, had for once the wind taken out of his sails, and begged to be excused on account of the lateness of the hour. The fact is, there was nothing to say; the scheme, always intensely interesting, became in the Commandant's hands most fascinating, especially when he dwelt on the formation and details of the O.-S. C. It is a noble scheme, and no mistake.

IIIIIIII

The Commandant called for prayer on behalf of Mrs. Booth, whom he had to leave so suddenly. He had intended taking some time's rest (which we all know he needs so much) in a cottage recently secured, but just as he had commenced, the imperative claims of the war broke in upon him and necessitated his departure for the west. God bless and sustain both our leaders.

J. C.

The O. S. C. Party  
EN ROUTE.

On Monday, July 15, at 12 a.m., by C. P. L., the O.-S. C. survey party, consisting of the Commandant and Capt. Frank Morris, with the British contingent, viz., Col. Stitt, Brigadier Gibbons, and Mr. Lawford, left Toronto. Their departure was not public, in the Army sense, and many of Headquarters' people had not returned from week-end appointments. Nevertheless there was a spontaneous gathering of officers, who came to see the factory-making party in, and the three volleys they gave, in response to Colonel Holland's call, as the train moved off, was of so hearty a nature that no mistake could be made as to the intense interest aroused in the party going west. We all hope Canada may have the good fortune to get the O.-S. Colony. It will mean more for the country's benefit than is generally imagined. Meanwhile, we say, God speed the survey party.

J. C.

PEMBROKE.—Captain Davis is by no means behind the times, as he is making Pembroke move in Army circles. Our farewell Sunday evening meeting on the market was good, and a goodly number were present. Three men requested to be prayed for. Great interest is now being taken in the open-air meetings, sometimes hundreds listening. Many kind friends came to be taking a deep interest in Army circles now. We are believing for a new barracks are long—Elders.

## THE OVER-SEA COLONY.

## A Social Catechism.

Copy of a Despatch Received From the General by the Commandant.

BY THE GENERAL.

## CHAPTER V.

## The First Settlement.

1. How would you proceed with respect to the employment of colonists? How would you commence the settlement?

1. I would seek to form a sort of parent settlement much after the fashion of Hadleigh—that is, a general, industrial place, where everything was managed under the direction of the officer and all employed upon it were paid for their time and toil. There would be barracks for the single and married men. The single men would be fed as at present, or on some kind of buffet principle, but everything would belong to the community.

2. The colonists would be employed at what they were best fitted for.

3. Wages would be paid on somewhere about the rate paid in the country outside the settlement.

4. These wages would be dealt with as follows:

1. Deductions would be made to defray the present cost of board and lodging. 2. The surplus would go towards the repayment of cost of outfit and passage money, if not already paid. 3. After these charges have been met then the surplus will go, above present support, clothes and pocket money, into the Colony Bank towards future needs.

5. What kind of work would the colonist be employed upon in the parent settlement?

In making roads, providing accommodation for more colonists, building cottages for those who settle outside the parent settlement, preparing gardens, hives, pig-sties, breeding cattle, working in the dairy and in different industries, such as weaving cloth, tanning leather, making boots and shoes, making furniture, brick-making, saw-barrows, building carts, cutting wood, etc., etc.

6. Is it intended to keep the colonists all the time in this parent settlement?

Oh dear, no! The idea is to surround this settlement with a number of cottage settlements. That is to say, plots, allotments of ground, will be laid out, say 5 to 6 or 10 acres of land, as may be found suitable, the smaller portion the better. If there is sufficient to provide for the needs of a family on these plots of land, cottages will be built and gardens laid out and planted with the most useful vegetables and crops, fruit, etc. At the onset a cow, pig, a few fowls, can be provided on as to give the family a fair start.

7. Will the cottager have the use of any other lands than that here-in described?

Yes. Each group of cottagers will have a quantity of land assigned to them which will serve as a sort of common, on which they will run their cows, horses, sheep, or such cattle as they may possess.

KINGSTON.—Had with us Adjutant and Mrs. Southall. Sunday good meeting. The devil tried hard Sunday night to break up our open-air, in the shape of a young man who was drunk and wanted to fight with us. Adjutant spoke very earnestly into vegetables and crops, fruit, etc. At the onset a cow, pig, a few fowls, can be provided on as to give the family a fair start.

SUSSEX.—Good times all through the week. A large number of military soldiers present, who are here on drill. They helped us considerably, and know how to conduct themselves in A. S. meetings. We had the joy of seeing seven snobs at the cross. Capt. Pandy, Lieut. Hasey.

8. Is it calculated that the family occupying this cottage will be able to provide a sufficient support in this way?

Well, it will go some distance. There will be pork, vegetables, fruit, flour, bread, milk, eggs and a chicken occasionally. The surplus produce can be exchanged for clothes, tea, meat, coffee, or other things that are not produced.

9. How will this exchange business be conducted?

In the present settlement, and afterwards at given centres, there will be a sort of general store, where surplus products would be bought or exchanged for other things that may be needed, or which will dispose of such surplus in the best markets available. The same agency will obtain for the Colonist the things that he needs on the best terms possible, a small commission being charged on these transactions. From this centre horses, machines, or any other temporary assistance required, could be hired or furnished on very economical terms.

10. Will there be any other methods of earning money for the cottager than those already mentioned, that is by the sale or exchange of his garden, fields, cow, etc.?

Yes. There would be the means derived from the regular collection from the centre settlement of cream for a butter factory, milk for a cheese factory, chickens, eggs, poultry, pigs, wheat, wool, potatoes, fruit, and other produce that could be disposed of in large quantities.

11. Would it be necessary to purchase any large quantities of stuff for the Colony?

No, nearly everything absolutely required can be produced on the spot, if found desirable. Leather, boots, cloth, clothing of almost any kind, furniture, bedding, carpets, indeed almost every necessary of life can be made on the spot.

12. What other forms or methods of obtaining a living will the Colony present?

A certain number will be supported by the various industries to which reference has been made. For instance, there will be shoemakers, tailors, weavers, brickmakers, carpenters and other industrial occupations. These will exchange their produce for the necessities of life, after the manner already described.

13. What other forms do you expect the cultivation of the soil will take?

I think it very probable that co-operation will occupy a very prominent place, anyway it will be tried as soon as possible with regard to agriculture. A goodly tract of land will be cultivated on the system of profit sharing.

SUMMERSIDE, P.E.I.—Just a line to the two cent War Cry. I think the change is a move in the right way. It is far easier to sell one hundred of them than it was to sell thirty at five cents. May God bless you in your work!—Charles Allen, Capt.

BARBIE.—Sunday being a very hot day, we held an open-air in the afternoon for a short time and then started for an inside meeting, where we had "an oldtime religion." Soldiers were on fire and sinners were convicted, and one had come forward and God saved him.—Carnie Stephens, Captain.

## THE VERY LATEST

WIRED FROM N. S.

By Brigadier Scott.

Impressive Funeral  
Service  
Of the Late MAJOR JEWER.

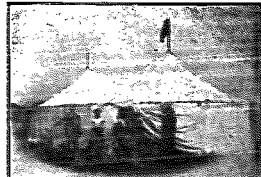
ST. JOHN, N.B., July 17, '95.

The remains of our beloved comrade, Major Jewer, were laid away yesterday afternoon at New Glasgow. A most impressive service was held at the house at West Margimish, where he died. The body was brought to New Glasgow, ten miles. The power of God wonderfully felt during the afternoon service; his glorified spirit seemed to hover and us while we talked of his beautiful life and triumphant entry to glory. Mrs. Jewer wonderfully upheld by power Divine. The audience moved to tears as she spoke of her loss. The Major's last chorus was sung, "To Thy Cross I come, Lord." One volunteer. Four Staff Officers laid him away. Effective service at the grave. Report following. Two souls in night meeting.

BRIGADIER SCOTT.

ST. JOHN I.—Well, well, well. Did you ever hear tell of the like? On Sunday we had the reading of the balance sheet, an enrolment of recruits, and a dedication, all in one meeting. Monday we had our excursion. Although the morning looked unfavorable, it turned out to be a fine day. We had a very good crowd, and they all seemed to enjoy themselves. We are having nearly all special meetings, and special times of blessing.—Sergeant Andrews.

HUNTINGDON.—We have been having some special meetings lately, which have proved very successful. On Thursday, June 27, we had an ice cream social and special meeting, led by Ensign McInnis, Capt. Helander and Beckstead, old friends and officers of this corps. The people and friends assisted us nobly. We are having very nice times at our outpost, the meeting on Friday night was real good. On returning, about four miles from home we met with an accident, when the wheel of our buggy gave out. Capt. Beckstead, who remained for a few weeks' rest, was with us. We set to work with presence of mind, so after a little difficulty, managed to get it bound up and arrived home in safety.—Capt. Melkie and Cadet La Londe.



GANANOQUE TENT.—Captain and Mrs. Peers in charge.

GANANOQUE.—Our barracks is getting repaired and cleaned, inside and out, at the landlord's expense. While this is being done, we have had our meetings in a tent holding about 300 people. Since the 1st of June our meetings have been well attended, a few souls saved. Just finished up our last Sunday with five sinners for perdition. We intend to re-open our barracks with three days' special meetings. The Kingston brass band, with George McInnis, will assist us. We expect a big time.—Capt. and Mrs. Peers.

# "WAR CRY" PLATFORM.

The idea of this column in the Cry is to bring before its readers addresses on living topics. They will, in all cases, be written as if they were being spoken, and not as mere articles. Lectures, verbatim reports of addresses will be given, but nothing will be admitted but platform talk. Contributions from officers and regular correspondents of the War Cry especially acceptable. — Editor.

## COMMANDER BALLINGTON BOOTH

### "Salvation for Both Worlds."

Being Quotes from an Address on the Second Night of the Recent New York Congress.



COMMANDER BALLINGTON BOOTH.

O H, that I had a voice like Gabriel! I would sound from the topmost turret of this building, so that all New York, though sleeping, might hear that Jesus Christ came to destroy the works of the devil. When I come up to Paradise it will not be: "Is it Commander Booth?" It will not be: "Who was your mother—was it that sainted woman in whose memory that beautiful building was erected?" So with you, my friend—it will not be: "Have you had the blessing of parental care or tuition in religious views and principles?" It will not be: "What is your station?" or "Where have you lived?" It will not be: "What have you done?" It will be: "Has the Blood cleansed you from sin?" and the man who can say: "My garments are clean," and the woman who can say: "I have on the white robes of the Lamb," will be admitted by the celestial porter to the streets that are paved with gold, when, as we have been singing, we shall wear a crown of purity and a robe of righteousness.

Sin! What a baneful, what a destructive, what a baneful influence it spreads everywhere! It is the inveterate foe of righteousness! Do you know the topic of the meeting is: "Salvation for both worlds?"—both worlds. Never has one left this world yet who has walked in there who was not rid of sin here.

A great many people say, "I have been to the altar, need I go again?" Why did you not stay there until the work was finished in your heart? The very fact you were conscious of suffering shows that something was being done. It is not until the knife strikes the wound that the patient shrinks.

We had a cat at our house recently. One of the girls took mercy on it because it met with an accident, and was suffering with its tail. While trespassing upon someone's premises it fell into some trap. We decided, after a council of war, that it would be wise to put the cat into a pall of water and end its miseries on this earth.

I retired to rest, and so did Mrs. Booth. I heard a terrific noise in our cellar. What do you think it was? They had put the cat into a pall of water and tied something to its neck, but the cat could not get out again, returned to our kitchen, and was warming and basking by the fire, none the worse for her momentary bath, which was not attempted the second time.

This is like a great many people. Just when they get down at the foot

of the Cross, at the Master's feet, at the altar, and something is revealed to them: that is painful, they get out again and warm themselves by the fires of this world, and settle themselves down and say all is well. Brother, sister, it will never be well until you get the blood of Christ applied to your heart.

But there may be some who are peculiarly susceptible to the influence of the world, and the world, as it were, throws a cloak upon them, and under the influence of the world their beautiful salvation—if they ever had any—is stolen from them, and they are left without any Christian experience of the power, of the virtue of the saving blood.

I was told that a certain hero, when he sat down amid his cohorts in the royal camp, was presented with a very beautiful cloak—an elegant, magnificent cloak. It was thrown over his shoulders, and the royal eunuchs strolling around him congratulated him upon having so beautiful a cloak. But they who presented the cloak were his enemies, and he found a few hours after he had worn it that the cloak on the inside was lined with deadly poison. So the world comes to the Christian and says, "Here is a beautiful cloak, here is an easy path to walk in; you need not walk circumspically. Come to this place of amusement; you need not be so particular. You can take up this glass and sip it once. Just this one game of cards." That one indulgence is to them the poisonous cloak. Oh, above other warnings, I would sound out to-night until the truth is heard with a voice of thunder in your soul: "Know ye not that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey his servants ye are? Are you servants to the devil, or are you servants of Christ?"

I believe religion makes a man happy because it makes him clean. One of the most beautiful things my mother ever said was, "William, don't the children look nice in their little white dresses? I would like to dress them in white every day."

Our Father can afford to keep His saints in white every day. White robes here, white robes yonder, but never forget that there is another side; damnation here means damnation hereafter if you persist in sin. Jesus Christ has an arm that can reach out to save, but is sufficiently strong to keep us saved from all our enemies within, as well as give us strength to grapple with lions, as did Samson, and to overthrow Goliath, as did David.

The Lord Jehovah, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever! Hallelujah! Bless His name forever and ever! You can have His salvation to-night. There were seventy-five kneeling at the pentent-form this morning and afternoon, so to-night there is going to be a large number coming forward to prove that Jesus Christ is able to save and keep from all sin.

Will you come now? Will you start at the commencement of this meeting? If you do, Christ will be proved in your experiences as the Colonel has read to-night, as One who is able to save not only from past transgressions and inbred sin, but to keep you even unto the end. The Lord grant it for His name's sake.

## MARITIME PROVINCES

(BRIGADIER SCOTT)

### The War, the War, the Salvation War.

Here I am at Annapolis, enjoying the breeze which flows through the window of Bro. Mackay's beautiful Salvation home. It's nice to have salvation in a home, especially when it's on both sides of the fire. Amen! Hallelujah!!

Last night was the first night of the camp meetings. Capt. Curry says Annapolis is to be honored by five days' camp meetings. Jubal's Brigade is to be on hand also, therefore we may expect a real fulfillment of all our hopes and expectations.

Digby will come next, Yarmouth, Windsor, then Truro. Now, officers and soldiers, make everything tend in the direction of soul-saving and success. Pray for

### SOME STRIKING, MIGHTY, STIRRING, MELLOW, MELTING, SALVATION MEETINGS.

"Oh, for a harvest of souls." This is still our song and as it we go, for God and souls. Amen! This is our mouth of soul-saving. ALL hands on deck, please, or, as the song says, "A place in the Army for all."

Having made reference to the camp meetings, etc., I want to touch upon the War Cry. My notes will be short this week on account of time. Oh, for the pen of a ready writer. Thoughts are expressed in words, the trouble is to get them on paper, and on the stand before the troops "in Toronto." Still, here goes.

Yes, sir, the War Cry. Did YOU buy one last week? The price is within reach of all. Interesting, spicy, good, helpful, and ALL for the glory of God and the extension of the war.

ALL platforms look well with plenty of War Cry in the hands of the occupants. A good example for the audience to see each soldier with their War Cry. Did soldier should have their own War Cry, and try to get it into the hands of the people in general.

Glad to note the interest taken by soldiers and officers in the matter. BUT, this and better will do. More systems and organs are wanted. The good hold of the people all over is our mission, or, in other words, the world for God, and God for the world.

A War Cry meeting is very good. Sell them at the door on some convenient day. Then use the War Cry. Read and sing from them. Each soldier to have a finger in the pie. The price of the War Cry will enable us to do this with success.

A WAR CRY BRIGADE! Why always that old slogan, "Why do I do things?" Can we not form brigades and close down early some night and set out War Cry selling? This will be a break in some quarters, and get us out of the ordinary. Amen!

Could not a soldier take two, three, four, six, or a dozen, and say "I think so!" A distribution of responsibility will ensure greater returns. Now, soldiers in general, can you not help in this matter? Remember, many can help one when one cannot help many.

Perhaps you could take the oversight of that village near to your corps. Take it upon your heart to visit the place with War Cry. Pray with the people, have a meeting once in a while, and stir things up in general.

Sorry I must stop. The boat is about to return to St. John. More next week. Don't forget the War Cry.

Dear Editor:—

Please tell Captain Fly, of Chance-come-by. To boom the Cry, yes, even sky-high. It's sure to sell, discomfort hell! That will be well, all saints will tell, it wants a push. Lord, give us more push.

A regular grab of Holy Ghost push. I'm sure it will go, it's not all show. But salvation flow, from top to toe. Hallelujah! Amen!!

P.S.—Don't forget to tell Mr. Bash we want more officers and cash.

Yours in the Gospel of hard work and glory,

T. W. A.

## The Great Talent Scheme

IN PORT ARTHUR.

### A TYPICAL GATHERING IN.

With commendable go and energy did the soldiers and comrades take hold of this latest scheme of our dear Commandant. In the first place, almost every card received was distributed, and a nice round sum collected thereon. Then it fell to the lot of about twenty-three comrades to be the recipients of the scheme, or, as was announced in the meetings, set up in business. Some receiving fifty cents, and from that on to two dollars each—"To every one according to their several ability."

§ § §

Owing to the difficulty to get the crowd inside on Sunday afternoon, it was thought advisable to put off the day of the gathering in the talents from the 7th to the 11th. With one or two exceptions, the comrades manifested a willingness to make this meeting a success. The ladies were to be dressed like they did in India, all in white, and the lads, with their white shirts, red garters, turbans and shoulder cloth. Several of the brothers were on hand in good time on Thursday to fix up the barracks, and in spite of the heavy downpour of rain, which continued for several days, the comrades' faith was strong that God would give us a good time. The platform, with its mountain ash, balm of Gilead, tamarack, cedar, and balsam trees, artistically arranged, and the most borders of eads, abundantly bedecked with beautiful home plants, with the

### Neatest Little White Tent

in the centre, with Chinese lanterns dotted here and there, presented a strikingly beautiful scene on entering the barracks. Just about the time we should have been getting ready for the gathering, a thunder cloud seemed actually just to empty themselves upon the town, as it were, to test our faith, but God, who saw we were doing all this for His honor and glory, cleared it up beautifully, and by the time we were ready to go out not a drop of rain was falling. How the people stared as we filed out of the barracks! A good, long march attracted the people, and they could be seen from all directions running to see us.

Arriving again at the barracks, the talent holders took their places on the platform, squatting in true eastern style, while the Captain and his staff took up their position in the wide back up the stairs. The ceremony of gathering the talents was indeed impressive. Each comrade stepped forward as the Captain called his name, and yielded up their talent, together with the amount they gained by trading with the same, the majority of whom doubled their talent, while two or three did even more than that. The reading of the parable of the talents and the stirring words of exhortation with which Bro. Brown, of Fort William, who also kept the meeting lively by singing choruses during the ceremony, and Mrs. Elliott, who pleaded with the people for an immediate decision, brought to a climactic close of the most interesting and successful meetings ever held in Port Arthur. To God be all the praise. Amen! H.O.V.





## TREMENDOUS Eight Days' Battle

WITH  
THE DEVIL AND MOSQUITOES.

Over 70 Blood and Fire Soldiers  
Camped at Portage la  
Prairie.

SOME ENGAGEMENTS WERE HOT AND  
SEVERE, LASTING SIX AND SEVEN  
HOURS WITHOUT ANY ADAPTE-  
MENT—MILLIONS OF MOSQUITOES  
—CAMP AND SMOODER FIRES HAD  
TO BE LIT DAY AND NIGHT TO  
KEEP OFF MOSQUITOES—45 PER-  
SONS OUT FOR JUSTIFICATION AND  
BLESSING.

The writer and fourteen soldiers,  
with three teams in the caravan, left  
Neepawa for a drive across the prairie  
to Portage la Prairie camp meet-  
ings. The one night spent on the  
prairie will long be remembered, as  
we were attacked with

### An Army of Mosquitoes

which drove some of our forces from  
the camp, however, we returned the  
fire on them by smothering them out,  
and thus we got a little rest.

Next day we arrived at the camp  
grounds, and putting up tents was  
the order of the day. The train from  
Winnipeg brought in Major and Mrs.  
Bennett, Adjutant and Mrs. Rawlings,  
Ensign Mrs. Clark, Ensign Hughes,  
Captains Smith and Spencer, as well  
as the Winnipeg brass band, which,  
by the way, is a blood and fire band.  
Portage troops, with the Portage  
brass band, met the Winnipeg troops  
at the station, and the whole force  
marched straight to the camp on  
Island Park, where the great eight  
days' battle is to take place under  
canopy. Every person's faith runs  
high for a real cyclone of salvation,  
glory, and blessing. Major and staff  
had a short meeting, whilst Captains  
Spencer, Wilkins and Hewitt, with a  
willing force of men, put up the tents.  
The Spirit of the Lord is upon the  
camp and great things will be done.  
CAPTAIN WILL HEWITT.

—(XOXO)—

SUNDAY, JUNE 30.—At 5.15 a.m.  
we were aroused by a TOWN-TILT  
TUM-TUM on the cornet, which was  
the signal for all hands to turn out,  
and we mustered for a good, old-time  
knee-drill. At holiness meeting the  
Major was enabled by the Holy Ghost  
to do out some mighty truths,  
which resulted in six for holiness and  
one man for salvation.

ARTHUR WILKINS, Capt.

—(XOXO)—

SUNDAY AFTERNOON. Gigantic  
march, headed by Major Bennett,  
and Adjutant Rawlings, and a number of  
officers, followed by the Portage la  
Prairie brass band, then came the  
rank and file, followed by the Win-  
nipeg brass band. A large crowd  
gathered in front of an hotel, where  
Ensign Hughes led off the testimony  
meeting. A glorious and happy free-  
and-easy was held.

—(XOXO)—

SUNDAY NIGHT.—The march was  
over 120 strong. PEOPLE POURED  
INTO CAMP. Mrs. Major Bennett,  
Mrs. Adjutant Rawlings, and Mrs. En-  
sign Clark pleaded with the sinners  
and backsliders to come home. En-

sign Hughes read a Bible lesson and

### Poured in Canister Shot.

When the net was drawn in three  
fish were found in the net.

JOHN SPENCER, Capt.

—(XOXO)—

MONDAY.—THE SAVED TURK told  
his name (Abdullah Atenli), meaning  
"Servant of God." He said he would  
rather die than not live out his name.  
The holiness meeting a straight time.  
The Major read. Four sought the  
blessing.

The afternoon being announced a  
CALL-OUT MEETING, there was no  
getting around it, not even the Major,  
who tried to put us off with a chorus  
when called on for a solo.

Musical Festival at night. Ensign  
Hughes managed the whole affair. It  
was good. Captain Wilkins gave out  
a song from the Cry, which was taken  
hold of well. Portage again took the  
cake so far. Winnipeg read again.  
They can play.

SARAH SMITH, Capt.

—(XOXO)—

TUESDAY.—At 8.30 a.m. the bugle  
sounded through the camp calling to  
prayer God's soldiers. A nice lot pre-  
sented and a beautiful time was enjoyed.  
FAITH and WORKS seemed to be the  
text on which a quantity of real  
common sense talk was based. This  
meeting cannot fail to bring about,  
in the various meetings of the day,  
the salvation of souls.

At 10 o'clock Mrs. Major Bennett  
called together all the women officers  
and soldiers for a council. It  
would be hard to find a more de-  
voted band of women warriors than  
was present. At 11 o'clock the  
around the city was arranged, and  
the whole city was to get a shaking.

### Detachments were Told Off.

The evening march was very at-  
tractive, as we had the lovely colored  
Turk in the Salvation Army, dressed  
in Arab costume. Two souls.  
We finished the day with shoutings, dan-  
cings, and singings.

ALICE GOODWIN, Ensign.

—(XOXO)—

WEDNESDAY.—11 o'clock, soldiers'  
meeting for men only. Major Bennett  
and Adj. Rawlings leading forward  
the HEAVY ARTILLERY. Great  
sharpening of swords, and some real  
fighting done. 2.15, open-air. March  
to town. Holiness meeting led by  
Ensign Goodwin, known as "The Lit-  
tle Beggar from Brandon." 6 o'clock,  
march into town, and returned to  
meeting, with Ensign Hughes, Capt.  
Hayes, Capt. McKay forewelled. One  
soul, the drummer of the town band.  
CAPT. SPENCER.

—(XOXO)—

THURSDAY.—THE QUEEN'S SOL-  
DIERS have come to camp with us  
on the same grounds. As we watched  
them drill this morning, it reminded  
us how we Salvation soldiers should  
be drilled and skilled to fight for  
the King of Kings. After singing "We'll  
be heroes," the Major read. "The tes-  
timonies were really amazing, and  
none the less instructive and encour-  
aging. Bro. Dave Coulter, from Neep-  
awa, told how he had been

### Roped Into the S. A.,

another had got saved in a wagon,  
another behind the plough, etc. Ad-  
jutant Rawlings told what a time he  
had getting saved. Uncle Sam told  
some of his adventures and tricks in  
his wicked days, how that he, with  
his chums, took a jug of whiskey to  
church and turned the poor parson  
out. He then told how that when  
God called him into the work  
he had to lay his name, or rather  
HIS RACHEL, ON THE ALTAR.

J. MERCER, Lieutenant.

NIGHT.—Our saved Turk was dressed  
in his Arabian garb and spoke on  
the Arab religion, making unity his  
the Christians of this country.

The meeting, led by Captain Hewitt,  
went with a swing, and wound up  
by capturing one of the town bandmen.

CADET ARKIN.

FRIDAY.—After a wet night we  
arose for a blessing. Afternoon meet-  
ing led by Ensign Goodwin, entitled  
"The D.D. from Brandon." Ensign  
Clark read, and spoke splendidly as  
to our lives being lives of victory for  
God.

We went into the prayer meeting  
with good hopes, and we had eight  
out. We got them through, and when  
we had a minute to look for the time  
we found that, alas, it was morning.  
"JIMMY."

—(XOXO)—

SATURDAY.—About the first sound  
heard on Island Park this morning  
was THE BUGLE CALL OF THE  
DRUMS, at one end of the park,  
and the voices of Salvationists sing-  
ing and praying; at the other there  
was long before seven o'clock, so some  
of the campers at least were in good  
train for knee-drill. The meeting went  
without being pushed. Rain and  
other causes kept some away, but  
liberty prevailed. Several sought de-  
liverance. ENSIGN CLARKE.

—(XOXO)—

SUNDAY.—AFTER A WET NIGHT,  
knee-drill was well attended, consid-  
ering the weather. Previous to the  
holiness meeting, the Portage la Pra-  
rie band played a few songs, led by  
Bandmaster Snider. At holiness meet-  
ing we had the pleasure of having  
Captain Westcott and his wife with  
us, who had just arrived from Fort  
William. Two for salvation and two  
for sanctification.

6 o'clock.—At the Town Hall. On  
account of the bad weather we went  
into town to hold this meeting to  
enable the people to pay us a visit  
at our last meeting. Good attend-  
ance. Major Bennett led off. Then  
the farewell testimonies of officers  
and comrades. Major Bennett then  
spoke. Bandmaster Gilliam sang. We  
kept on and two came forward.  
About this time

### The Fire Bell Rang.

and, as the fire station was only next  
door, the hall was soon cleared of a  
lot of its inmates. Three souls.  
Twenty-six for salvation, and 19 for  
sanctification.

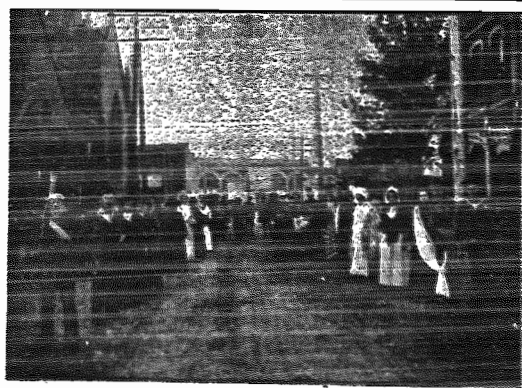
Headquarters' Staff is tired out,  
even down to

J. H. COLLINSON, alias JIMMY.

## CAPTAIN!!!

Begin to Plan and  
Scheme for the Suc-  
cessful Working of  
This Year's

### HARVEST FESTIVAL



THE NATIONALITY MARCH, in Victoria, B.C.

## Victoria's Recent Doings.

The Victoria, B.C., comrades have  
recently held a "nationality" meet-  
ing, which, according to our Special  
Correspondent, Annie Eklöf's report,  
was a glorious success.

The march (a portion of which is  
shown in our illustration) was head-  
ed by two "blue-jackets," represent-  
ing Great Britain. Among other  
countries were Japan, Belgium, Italy,

## Useful - Information FOR OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS.

### Domestic Tit-Bits.

The "Social Gazette" editor asked  
Major Osborn:

1. What are the three best, easily  
prepared, handy dishes, suitable for  
married officers and family?

2. Ditto, ditto, for unmarried offi-  
cers?

3. Any simple rules of health found  
to be personally beneficial?

4. What should we take for supper?

His reply was—

Handy dishes for families:

(a.) Well boiled rice and milk.

(b.) Vegetables of the season (in-  
cluding tomatoes) cut small and sim-  
mered with pearl barley.

(c.) In hot weather: Brown bread  
and butter, with stewed prunes, and  
coarse curds and whey.

For single officers—

(a.) Small piece of neck of mutton,  
set to simmer with tomatoes and a  
little oatmeal. 2nd. Baked potatoes

pudding.

(b.) Boil a quarter of a pound best  
cheese in a half-pint milk, and pour  
it on toasted brown bread. Drink  
cocoa with it. (I have cycled twenty-  
seven miles in the teeth of a strong  
wind on this.)

(c.) Fresh eggs, and butter,  
cocoa, and a tin of apricots, or any  
fruit.

Health:

(a.) Don't live on frying-pan and  
kettle fare, sausage, and tea, etc.

(b.) Always prefer fruit and vegeta-  
bles to meat.

(c.) Never eat within an hour of  
public speaking, in order that you  
may think clearly, and preserve the  
voice.

(d.) Don't suck candy or eat any  
fat puff paste; the former ruins the  
throat for singing, and the latter  
ruins the digestive organs.

(e.) Study to keep the stomach  
healthy, and you will escape nineteen  
pains out of twenty.

(f.) Bathe as regularly as possible  
the whole body.

(g.) Don't fast nearly all day Sun-  
day, and then gorge at night. It is  
certain ruin to the mental powers and  
digestion, take little and often.

(h.) Always remember the brain and  
stomach cannot be fully active at the  
same time. If you take a full stom-  
ach, then your powers become ab-  
sorbed in the effort to digest the food,  
and one cannot think, in that con-  
dition, without very great exertion,  
which sooner or later proves injur-  
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"Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,  
Land of the mountain and the flood."



A Serial Story.

### "And a Certain Man Had Two Sons."

#### III.

I RAN AWAY the second time when I was sixteen. During these years I had often made resolutions so good, but I had broken them so often that I became disgusted and unhappy, and gave up trying, till a spirit of utter lawlessness took possession of me.

Then the devil suggested to me that my Father's Credit Was Good.

So I made up my mind to run away to America. I went and ordered a tricycle in my father's name, telling the man I was going on a tour to Inverness. Of course it was a thundering lie. Then I went to the stores and stocked my knapsack full of provisions—pate de foie gras, chocolate, etc. I sold some of my father's books to get a little ready money, as I couldn't find much about the house. But I was anxious to push on, for I reached Stonehaven, and camped for the night at a fishing village. All next day I travelled as far and as fast as I could go. Next evening I reached Dundee, with only a few shillings in my pocket. I sold a yarn to a gentleman about returning from a tour and being short of funds, till he pulled out half a sovereign and gave it to me.

I WAS HEADING FOR LIVERPOOL. I pictured America as a land paved with gold, so I rode on all night on Saturday till I came to Dyarnt, near the Firth of Forth. I was completely tired out by then as I sat down by a little well for a drink of water. But I was anxious to push on, for I knew they must soon be on my track, and I had not calculated on being obliged to cross the water. But I had reckoned without my tricycle, and to my misery for that. When I reached Edinboro' the bells were ringing for church as I rode up the main street, looking by that time a pretty disreputable object, with my Scotch gillie-cap and my knapsack. I cannot imagine what possessed me that I did not change that cap—I'd brought another on purpose. Of course I might have known my father had telegraphed to Edinboro', with full particulars of my appearance. Of course one of

### The Detectives Noticed Me

at once as answering the description, so he came up and spoke to me. I was waiting for a drink at the fountain when the fellow asked where I was going. Of course I lied, and said I was bound for Glasgow. Then he wanted to know had I any friends in the city. Like a fool, I told him yes, I had. That was a terribly bad break—ho'd be sure to ask them. I told him the name of my uncle, who lived there. Those nothing would do but he must show me the way to the house, and I couldn't refuse to go with him.

We found they had all gone to church, except my cousin. So I put my wheel inside and sat down, intending to give him the slip as soon as his back was turned. But if another constable didn't appear and walk up and down as soon as the other left, I felt I was booked.

My cousin asked me if I wouldn't like a bath, and to lie down a bit. I thought I might just as well, for I was tired and travel-stained. I intended to snore a little while and then escape, but I had reckoned without my sleepy head. I slept right on, till I heard a voice say, "Well, Master Robert, what are you doing here?" There was one of my father's

detectives he had sent from home, leaving over me.

Oh, if that wasn't a melancholy procession back to the station! I realized I was badly left. But I was BY NO MEANS REPENTANT—no, not I. I was thoroughly mad at myself for getting caught. However, I knew it was all up, so I put a brave face on, and chatted away to the detective, bought a "Titi-bite," and read it in the train. It must have been a strange position for the man, bringing home the youngest son of the chief of the county constabulary, for all the two hundred men under him held my father in the most profound respect.

Oh, how it must have

### Cut My Father to the Soul

when he met me at the station! But he said not a word as we drove home with my elder brother.

I was confined to the house and kept on short commons two or three weeks, and father talked to me about the shame and disgrace I was bringing into the family, till at last I broke down, and said I was desperately sorry. Poor father tried to forget, and by degrees put more confidence in me.



### "Father Looked Me in My Room Till I Was Willing to Own Up."

But "here was no God in my sorrow—it was the spurious repentance that works death. I resolved and determined I would be a better lad. I have even written good resolutions and signed them in my own blood, but all to no avail. I was pretty strong-willed, but I did not know how to rise up and take hold of the power of the Lord. So I sank lower and lower.

### "Wasted His Substance in Riotous Living."

When I was barely old enough I coaxed my father into letting me GO TO COLLEGE. I passed my preliminary examinations as a medical student and entered the Aberdeen University.

From that day my career began to darken. I had every inducement to do right, every privilege put in my way, for my father's sake. Here I met Gordon again, the very one who had been my companion in evil when we were boys together, playing truant from school, and plaguing the policeman.

I took up with him again, took to going round the streets with him. My only one thing, I never would drink—however, he might call me silly-softy—thanks to my father's example. I had been at college a year, chiefly working.

### In the Infirmary, Dressing Wounds.

etc., and the exams for the year's course were coming on, but of course I was in no shape to pass them, after the way I had been cutting up with Gordon. I knew it was no use for me to sit, I knew my papers would be no good. I began to be ashamed and afraid that all my wickedness would be found out and my father would bring me to account. He had been put to so much trouble with all my expensive surgical instruments and medical books.

As a last expedient in the act, I determined I would run away. My fees for the next session were just coming due, so instead of paying them, I thought I would take possession of them for my passage, and wrote to Liverpool for the rates to New York, where I intended to go, under an assumed name.

I always was careless about my clothes, and I laid my coat on the bed. Well, if my sister didn't chance to come in and pick up that coat to hang it up!

OF COURSE the letters fell out of the pocket, with the picture of an actress Gordon and I had been familiar with. OF COURSE my sister took them to my father! He confronted me with them, and wanted to know what was the meaning of them. Everything was in the boil.

God grant my story may keep somebody from going in my downward path.

HE LOCKED ME IN MY BEDROOM until I was willing to confess. Of course, I was only a lad still, and he was so stern and upright. My food was brought to me, and I stayed there several weeks, but I wouldn't give in. I had my piano, and I would play and read, but I refused to give any explanation. They sent the minister to deal with me, but that was no good. I was a perfect devil of obstinacy. They all had a whack at me, but I was absolutely indifferent. I seemed possessed with wickedness.

Until at last, one night, late—it must have been after twelve o'clock—I was standing with my hand resting on the mantel-piece, and father came upstairs into my room. It suddenly struck me

### How Haggard and Worn He Looked.

That was the first moment I felt like breaking down. If he had noticed me I should have been as stubborn as ever.

"BOB, MY POOR BOY" he said, with a break in his voice, and he put his hand on my shoulder. If he had thrashed me round the room I should have cared nothing.

Dear old man! I can understand now how he wrestled and agonized with Heaven on my behalf—and now he is gone—GONE!

God forgive me! I believe He does. Then I burst into a TORRENT OF WEeping, and put my arms round him, and buried my head in his shoulder.

I wept till I was exhausted. Then I told him everything I could remember of all my wickedness, from my boyhood up. Talk about confession! I told him how my nature had mislead me, how evil passions had laid hold of me, how ashamed I was about everything.

(To be continued.)

# H.F.-H.F.

DATES:

Sat., Sun., Mon. and Tues.,

Aug. 31st, Sept. 1st, 2nd, 3rd.

- GET READY! -

## The Army Grab-Bag.

In the Swedish Shelters the poor men are privileged to have "Finland Baths," after the Turkish bath style. During this performance the clothes are being disinfected. Often one hundred men can be found in the baths.

A gambler at Houston, Texas, has made a capital sign for the barracks and donates seven dollars a month towards the rent.

A young man, who was sent to San Quentin prison, Cal., about ten months ago, got saved shortly after and became a Salvationist. The latest Californian Cry announces his death and burial by his fellow prisoners.

A Birmingham friend has donated \$15 for the purpose of sending a "War Cry" and Social Gazette, weekly, to six soldiers and sailors.

A Boys' Home has just been decided upon in Father Loe's London. It will afford sleeping accommodations for eighty boys, with bath rooms, etc.

Cadet Mary Loxton, a Eurasian lassie (half English, half Japanese), at San Francisco, has farewelled for Japan.

A certain crowd of toughs, called the "Black 'n' G," who used to disturb our naps in Paris, have all got saved.

This is how the New Zealand Cry describes the playing of the Guard's Band drummer: The drummer who manipulated the drum was the cynosure of all eyes, for the way he used those drum-sticks was a caution to snakes, let alone white men. The various revolutionary gyrations that he caused those sticks to perform made the natives "sit up," and stare with a hundred horse-power stare, that was laughable to behold.

A meeting in New Zealand was to be held in a schoolhouse, but the Lieutenant found that the key was missing. Nothing daunted, he got the people in through the window.

A shorthand class has been started at the Trade Headquarters, London. Already there are students.

We make our own bonnets in England. A business man has given over his factory to us, and has become a Salvationist.

International Trade Headquarters are publishing a series of tires of prominent soul-savers, called the "Red-Hot" Library.

"The new volume of 'The Musical Salvationist' will contain interludes sketches of song writers, and lives of handmasters, histories of famous hymns, etc., will occupy a portion of the space each month. It is intended to make this an international publication. We are in communication with all our Territorial leaders, and, with our funds, the quantity and circulation of the magazine will rise swiftly and permanently."—English Cry.

Last July 6th was our 30th anniversary! To-day we have 11,385 oficers and 2,892 corps. Our social institutions amount to 231, and the circulation of our weekly publications reaches the sum of \$1,000,000. Hallelujah!

Portsmouth I. Corps, 25 years old, has now 330 on the rolls, 31 bandsmen, and sells 55 dozen papers every week.

The first man to kneel at the pentitent form at the opening of the New York Memorial Headquarters was a sample of the sort we're after, viz. a hard-working.

The English Cadets, on another march, visited seven corps, led by Field Commissioner Eva Booth, saw 182 souls seeking pardon and parity.

Major Cooks, a converted minstrel, and his band, visited Ascot races and saw three souls at the cross on the course.

# THE COMING GREAT Harvest Festival.

## NOTES ON THE ARRANGEMENTS.

BY THE FINANCIAL SECRETARY.

Aug. 31,  
The Dates Sept. 1, 2, 3. The Dates

Read officers should carefully read these notes and hints. Stick them in a book. Refer to them continually. Plan, scheme, invent, and arrange at once.

H. F. - H. F. - H. F.

Now and varied are the ideas for the Harvest Festival. The Commandant is determined to spare neither time nor trouble in making the printed matter as tasty and attractive as possible. Last year's circulars, letters, cards, etc., have been thoroughly overhauled and after solemn conference and council, "the powers that be" have come to the following decisions:—

**THE COMMANDANT'S CIRCULAR.** To field officers is a most lengthy and detailed printed four-page pamphlet. Officers should very carefully peruse this and keep it before them. In it they will find suggestions, ideas and hints of all kinds. These, if faithfully carried out, should ensure success in every corps. As soon as possible it will be sent to each F. O., who should say it out before the Lord, then read it to his officers, and the success of the H. F. in their corps.

**THE COLLECTING CARD** will be of greater dimensions than any previous card. The design on front will be most appropriate and elegant, with a decorative M. P. corner and touch. Soldiers and friends will be only too glad to solicit gifts and donations on such a card. It will be a beauty, indeed, in envelope, too, will be just the kind in which to preserve the card.

### C-A-R-D.

**THE SOCIAL SACK.** This is a startling novelty. A neat sack, containing a nice appetizer from the Commandant, will be left at different farmers' and friends' houses. It will be made to contain just the amount of grain. The filled sacks will be sent for and sent out to Toronto. Headquarters will buy from the corps or give credits for the grain. It is a capital move, and will surely take on at least all over Ontario. More of this sack.

### S-A-C-K-K.

**SALE OF WORK.** This idea is to be followed and enlarged upon. Good success attended the efforts of our officers, and soldiers, and friends last year, but "excellent" must be the cry. Corps should be manifested by all concerned in making up just the articles which will be wanted by the readiest sale. Several useless things were left on hand last year. Officers will, therefore, seek to buy and get good things which will be useful. Arrange for your stalls at once. See the Commandant's notes in future Cry.

### W-O-R-K S-A-L-E.

**THE POSTERS.** These will be printed in a very pretty style. For show a big sale of grain will be given. It will be an exquisite affair. Wisely decorate the walls of your barracks with these and they will attract great attention. Get the bill-poster to post some up around your town, and ask him to do it freely.

**DECORATION OF BARRACKS.** Now is the time to think about what you will do on the decoration line. Give your barracks a real harvest appearance. The people will come to see the decorations if they are well done. Many folks will gladly lend you some flowers with which to decorate the platform, if you take care of them.

**LIVE STOCK.** In and around the Central and Western Ontario Provinces live stock, from horses and cows down to quacking ducks, may be secured. Lots was done in this direction last year, but with more effort greater things can be accomplished. A ready sale can be got for such. What about "a fatted calf," a porker, a few rabbits, a sheep? Now is the time to give the farmer the hint.

The butcher will help.  
The grocer will assist.  
The cobbler will cobble.

Traders and merchants of all kinds will gladly come to our help if they understand the idea of the glorious Harvest Festival.

**ORGANIZATION.** This is the secret of all success, in this, as in every other, scheme. Officers! Look to it. God bless you!

(More next week.)

## MOOSOMIN,

—AND—

### Two-Thirds were Drunk.

Praise God, it's getting better. Captain and I went out visiting among the Crofters, and, although we had to understand Gaelic, yet we were able to let them know we were Salvationists. Poor souls! One poor man told us we couldn't know we were saved in this world. But Captain soon helped him out of his trouble. We had a meeting, and as we were praying one lad walked boldly up and told the people that through our meetings we gave God his heart. Whilst herding cattle, he composed a song and sang it in the meeting. May God bless the lad. We believe God has saved him. Praise God. On Friday night a young lady, who has been convicted for a long time, gave God her heart and got beautifully saved. It's good to see

### THE DEVIL GET BEAT,

and the Lord have the victory. We had a good time yesterday, 1st July. We had an open-air. Right of us marched and we formed a ring outside the saloon, where two-thirds of the people were drunk. While praying, some of the lads pushed a drunk on top of Captain, but the old fellow kept still. We got a good collection, and after a service of praise and song were quiet. Poor fellows, they'll be sorry for their foolishness to-day. But, thank God, we mean to try and win them for Jesus, who has a right to them. Cadet A. W. Clarke, for Capt. Cromarty.

## A Glorious Report.

**RAT PORTAGE, ONT.**—Since last report other SIX SOULS saved, good cases. One young woman volunteered right out.

Last Sunday night another woman got saved, and on Tuesday, while visiting her, her husband came into the kitchen, walked up to the stove, takes hold of the lighter, removes one of the lids off the stove, and says, "by the way, the help of God that's the last of that!" Then he threw the plug into the stove. Then he and myself went into the dining-room. He began to tell me how God had been speaking to him. We got on our knees and prayed. God gave him peace. On Wednesday night, before going on to the platform, he went to the penitent form, feeling satisfied that he would thus do all God required of him. Both he and his wife are going to be out and out Salvationists.

On Thursday night Brother and Sister Walsh's eldest boy came out and got saved, also another young man, a Swede. He came out on Monday night, but before he got through he had to leave to go to steer a boat on which he worked, as they were waiting for him, but he came back Thursday night and got the victory. He told the master he had quit drinking, etc., and the master shook hands with him, encouraged him on, and asked the boys on the boat they were waiting for him. Praise God for a chance to labor with Him for souls.—Eugene Rob Smith, Lieut. J. Hinkley, P.S.—Lieut. Hinkley sold 78 War Cry on the street.

## Something for Your Soul.

### A ? ANSWERED.

MRS. MAJOR READ.

"If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us."  
"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."—1 John, I, 8, 9.

**THE** question is sometimes asked, "If people are cleansed from sin through faith in the blood of Jesus, how is it they ever fall into sin again?" There seems to be a strong analogy between natural and spiritual law. The laws which govern the physical man are very similar to those which govern the spiritual.  
An instance suggests itself to me. An individual is

### Stricken Down

with a malignant fever. The seeds of death have apparently taken root in his system, and his life is despaired of, but a stronger power intervenes. His disease is arrested, his germs are eradicated. Under the skilful application of proper remedies new life takes possession, and he becomes well and strong—in fact, is restored to perfect health.

But there are certain health laws to be observed, for although he is perfectly well, there is still a danger of his falling a victim of his old malady. Though the nearest friend may pronounce his condition perfect, may witness the fact that his eye was never brighter, his arm never so strong, or his step so firm as since his restoration, yet he must have proper diet, pure air, and the environment conducive to health to maintain that condition.

The analogy is patent to all. Sin, the soul's deep destroyer, has fastened its roots deep and firm in the spiritual part of man's trinity. The germs of eternal death are there present. But a changing, transforming power comes into the sinner's life—the purifying blood of Jesus. By faith he accepts its efficacy.

### What is the Result ?

The roots of bitterness are destroyed, the old nature is changed, he is a "new creature," cleansed from all "iniquities." But he is not saved from temptation, and the danger of the old soul maladies affecting him. There are conditions to this healthy soul life.

He must live in the pure air of obedience to the divine will of God, warmed by the sunlight of his daily receiving nourishment from the sincere milk of the word, mingled with faith in its promises. Continual communion with his heavenly Physician by prayer will keep him instructed in "the way he should go," while self-sacrifice for others will prove a stimulating exercise.

What about your spiritual condition, sister soldier, brother soldier? Seek that power and unction from the Great Physician that shall purify your soul, and then comply with the conditions of His word, and bask in the pure sunshine of His smile, happy, useful, strong, growing daily in the "knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ."

**BELLEVILLE.**—Real good times here. We have the joy of seeing a NUMBER OF SOULS come to the Saviour. On Sunday, God's conviction was stamped on the hearts of the unsaved, but none would yield.—L. Spriggs, for Capt. Moffatt and Emigina Macnamara.

**NEWCASTLE.**—There has been a break in the enemy's ranks. On Sunday night TWO soldiers sought the pardon of their sins after the testimony. The Sunday previous ONE RIFTER claimed pardon for the past. On the 1st July Chatham and Newcastle united for excursion and picnic to Redden. The war was abandoned. Many predicted a rainy day, but faith won the victory, and the day was all that could have been desired.—Carrie Reeves, L.A.L.R.

## WEST ONTARIO IWAR DESPATCH.

BY BRIGADIER MARGETTA.  
Fraternal.

The "hallooing time" we put in together at Paris the other Friday night was pleasant as well as profitable. It was a great joy to share the fight with our comrades, the Editor and his wife. The place got a stirring up, and we trust the visit of the "Desperados" will end in a big revival, arrangements for which were completed during our stay there.

### Brant Fighting—21 Souls.

Brantford, too, got a waking during the next three days. Saturday was spent in one inside and five open-air bombardments, the last of which took place after the ordinary night meeting. It was a rouser. Monday night we had more open-air manoeuvres, dividing the forces into separate brigades, while the band marched round town, playing and pounding as they went. The crowds were throughout, the Salvation tent proving far too small to accommodate the throng. The meetings swung along in fine style. God poured out His Spirit. Twenty-one souls sought salvation and purity, amounting to twelve married couples. Collections went up to about four times the usual amount. The officers' meeting and night of prayer were real soul-melting times. Twenty-one meetings in all were held during the three days.

### Pull up the Tent-Pegs.

An extensive staff and field change takes place during the last week in July, which will affect ten districts, 34 corps, 12 staff and 59 field officers. In future Stratford will be the headquarters of the present Seaforth district, Ingersoll will be attached to London, Woodstock to Simcoe, and Brantford and Paris to Guelph. The present Woodstock being discontinued by virtue of the change, Ensign and Mrs. Fraser, and their portion of the rising generation, have bidden us good-bye for some other Province. God speed them.

### McMillan Married.

Capt. M. A. Robertson is no more. The Captain withdrew honourably from the work some time ago on account of ill-health. The P. S. had the pleasure of "tying the knot" at Guelph on Wednesday night, which was Mrs. A. McMillan. God bless them both and make them a power for good in Owen Sound, whither they have flown.

### Debris Dis.

Our attention has been well high absorbed in dealing with financial difficulties and solving financial problems for a long time. The clouds of debt have been over us for some time ago, and soon, through the assistance of the brave "Lester" Band, the last cloud will have passed and the mist rolled away. Three cheers for the L. B. B!

### Save Sinners!

Are you alive to this purpose? Quick to see their danger and desperate to save their precious souls to suffer on their behalf, and fearless as to what men or devils may think or say, so long as you can get them to the blood. Oh! for a passionate spirit of desperation to save souls, to fall on all hands for this FRAT, WARST, FIGHT, BELIEVE!

### Mrs. Margetts.

Mrs. Margetts, after a most trying time of sickness and weakness, is able to be up and about again. It will, however, be some weeks before she is able to take part at the front of the battle.

### Go to the People.

We have had a series of lively open-air attacks at sea and slavers in Seaforth, Clinton, Bayfield, and Goderich, recently. What's the use of going into a stuffy hall, with 40 or 50 people, when you can get from five to ten times as many a war or grove? **THE OPEN AIR IS OUR CATHEDRAL FOR THE SUMMER MONTHS.** J. H. M.

## Dominion Day Trip.

## CUSHINGS' GROVE.

1,100 Sales—Cheers—250 Souls  
in 8 Months.

MONTREAL 1.—Eugene McDonald decided to run the customary excursion on Dominion Day. We were favored with delightful weather, a splendid trip, good, soul-stirring meeting (in which Ensign Hay, with Capt. Perronault and Heister took part), a nice crowd, lively music, solid refreshments, and the satisfaction that comes to those who receive answers to their prayers.

No trouble or accident happened us, and the soldiers and friends who were in attendance were delighted beyond measure.

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Ensign had the bandmen to sell refreshments, and you were compelled to notice how earnestly they labored. Tom Elliott and W. Smith were in constant demand. They report about 1,100 sales for the day.

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Our little boat was well filled. When comfortably seated, people don't care to hunt for ice cream, soda water, etc.; hence the boys carried the eatables around, followed by the refreshing beverages. The idea was a good one, for it proved a success.

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Crowds of people lined the river-side as we neared the city on the turn trip. They cheered us all the way up.

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Those who did not go are full of regrets.

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What a grand attraction Nature offered. Every breath of air, every shaken leaf, all the birds, and the ripples on the water, gave praise to God for His goodness, which was echoed in many happy hearts at Cushing's Grove.

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## DIALOGUE AT THE BOAT.

Stranger (with an eye on the crowded top deck of steamer)—"Is the boat safe, sir?"

Salvationist—"Yes! Do you think we would go on her if we did not believe she was safe?"

Stranger—"Well! You are all right anyway, living or dead."

Moral: People may say we are crazy, but they know we are saved; which makes us all right, anyhow.

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Thursday Captain Jos. Muford, from Troy, N.Y., was on a visit to Montreal. He took part in meeting. He reports the opening of a corps at that place as a great success. Over 250 souls in eight months. Never a week without. Hallelujah!

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Friday: Blessed consecration meeting. Six out.

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Sunday: Grand times. Six prodigious returned home. Hallelujah.

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UNBRIDGE.—We are having some splendid open-air. We have one soldier of twelve years' standing and she comes to nearly all the open-air, and her age is ninety-two years. Mrs. Arkett and I visited Port Perry, and spent two hours in the open air. Good as ever held. Beautiful attention, one merchant taking four trips from the store to the open-air with collection. Capt. and Mrs. Stainforth have cleared their hall and made some mottoes, which make their hall as nice as I ever saw.—Bessie Arkett and wife.

MOOREHAV.—Not dead nor dying, but going ahead to fight the devil with all our might. Since our last report ONE SOUL cried for salvation and found it at the feet of Jesus. We had CAPT. BAILEY with us for a few days. Marched down to the station on Friday night just as the train came in. In a meeting, and the people very kindly gave us \$2.50 collection. Our motto is, "Never give in."—A. Charlton, Capt.



Tune—Blessed Lord in Thee I refuge, R. J. 51;  
Blessed Jesus, R. J. 45; or Guide me, oh, Thou  
great Jehovah, R. J. 131.

1 High upon Calvary's mountain,  
See a cleansing current flow;  
Making there a precious fountain  
That can wash as white as snow;  
I am longing, (repeat)  
All the cleansing power to know.

Lord, I hear the invitation—  
"Him to say, 'He made us free';  
From the guilt of condemnation,  
Free just now my burdened soul.  
I'm hailing!  
Over me the waters roll.

Oh, the joy of full salvation!  
Oh, what glory is mine!  
What a glorious liberation!  
Now my heart's the Spirit's shrine.  
Blessed Jesus!  
Heavenly love is only Thine.

CAPTAIN SING, SOO.

Tune—He arose, R. J. 185.

2 I've turned my back on Egypt,  
And am bound for promised land;  
And the Lord will give the victory.

CHORUS.

Oh, live, He lives, He lives in my soul, (8 times)  
And the Lord will give the victory.

Old Pharaoh often tempts me,  
To get me back again;  
But the Lord will give the victory.

I'll go right up to Satan's guns,  
My shield is all O. R. I.  
And the Lord will give the victory.

And when I come to Jordan's flood,  
The blood will be my aid;  
And the Lord will give the victory.

CAPTAIN MOTT, Winnipeg.

Tune—Where do you turn, my brother? R. J. 17;  
or Oh, yes, there's salvation for you, R. J. 47.

5 When God called to me to surrender,  
His voice I did not disobey;  
That voice said, so softly and tender,  
"I'll wash all your sin-stains away."  
I came and surrendered to Jesus,  
My talents, my time, and my all;  
And gave me His peace in my soul.

CHORUS.

Oh, come and surrender your all,  
Oh, come and surrender your all;  
The Savior just now will accept you,  
If you will surrender your all.

And now in God's vineyard I'm toiling,  
To help save the lost souls around,  
We still are rejecting God's love,  
In sin's cruel fetters are bound.  
And you who are doubting and fearing,  
Afraid to surrender your all,  
This moment our God will accept you,  
If only on Jesus you call.

LEWISTOWN FREE.

Tune—Sweet rest to Heaven, R. J. 114; or When the  
Pearly Gates unfold, R. J. 114.

6 I've glad I'm serving Jesus,  
And living for my God;  
But, oh, how many people  
On this dreary road.

The voice of Christ is speaking,  
As you've been often told:  
Why are you then careless,  
Why do you know of old?

You search this world for pleasure,  
Your time you waste for doom;  
But when you stand before God,  
All these will be but loss.

Oh, start just now and serve Him,  
Your soul He long has sought;  
Oh, do not tarry with Him,  
And Heaven loss for naught.

CHARLOTTE ARMSTRONG.

Frederick, Ont.

## HARVEST HOME

The Annual Gathering of Earth Products, Manufactures, etc., into

# THE - STORE - HOUSE - OF - THE - LORD,

Will be held from

## Saturday, August 31st,

to

## Tuesday, September 3rd.

Take old Father Time  
by the forelock,  
and make your arrange-  
ments at once.

Tune—Stella, R. J. 25, 31; Euphonia, R. J. No.  
150, 1; All things are possible, R. J. No. 2.

1 I want Thee, Jesus, blessed One,  
I love Thee, O God I thank my God;  
Come to my aid and help me on;  
For Thee alone my heart is set.

2 I loved and love you, Jesus,  
Make me the more to love for Thee.  
For too worldly I've been,  
I've brightest charms my eyes have seen;  
I've deeply drunk the cup of sin—  
It failed to bring us peace within,  
Sweet is the chalice of Thy grace,  
Unmeasured bliss to see Thy face.

3 Proof of Thy power I feel each day,  
Thou art my life, my truth, my way;  
My heart's made glad and white by Thee,  
Pious, perfect peace, now comes to me,  
Wait till my time, and I will come,  
To walk the way of holiness.

SECRETARY WILLIAM TUCK, Newport.

Tune—Calvary's stream is flowing, R. J. 51.

4 For years I struggled blindly,  
With doubts and fears within;  
I longed for full deliverance  
From evil sin and sin;  
I found of healing waters,  
I read of living answers;  
I came to Calvary's mountain,  
Where heaven's love was shown.

CHORUS.

The precious cleansing river,  
The precious cleansing river;  
It's now quite free, for you and me  
The precious cleansing river.

It waves are ever flowing,  
Its tides are coming in,  
It brings life and victory,  
And liberty from sin;  
It cleanses death and sadness,  
Brings life and victory,  
Exchanges gloom for gladness  
Gives light and liberty.

Oh, weary, heavy-laden,  
And burdened with your sin,  
Come to this stream for cleansing,  
The waters ever run.  
There's virtue in this river,  
There's healing in its streams;  
There's balm and life for you,  
Where glorious sinners join.

O. E.

Tune—Above the rest this note shall sound, R. J. 225.

7 Some years have ever passed away,  
Some to the realm of "Gone" they've  
My Father's love and grace I  
My Father's love and grace I

CHORUS!

My confidence in Christ is strong,  
In Christ is strong;  
My confidence in Him is strong,  
He is my strength, my hope and song.

My Savior's pardoned all my sin,  
He took me, yes, He took me in,  
And made me go to live below,  
As on the way to home I go.

Began to serve the Lord to day,  
I've never done to you less than I;  
Pierced sinners, here the Savior's call,  
Get ready now to leave the hall.

SECRETARY HARRY H. TUCK, Portland, Ont.

Tune—What shall the harvest be!  
Stinner, you're out in life's ocean wide,  
Driven along by life's wild tide;  
Drifting away from the port of light,  
Destined on life's stormy sea,  
Oh, where shall your harbor be?  
Oh, where shall your harbor be?

CHORUS.

Drifting along o'er the ocean of life,  
Drifting away in darkness within;  
Drifting in life's stormy sea,  
Where, oh, where shall your harbor be?  
Where, oh, where shall your harbor be?

Drifting along from the port of light,  
Drifting away into dark despair;  
Calvary's cross is your only way,  
Soon you will land where all hope is gone;  
Oh, where shall your harbor be?  
Oh, where shall your harbor be?

Woe, the life-bark now comes to this,  
Tossing you in life's rough sea,  
Safely He'll guide you o'er life's rough way,  
Into the port of endless day;  
Oh, where shall your harbor be?  
Oh, where shall your harbor be?

J. FARRER, Hamilton, Ont.

## COMING...

## \* EVENTS

CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE.

## LOOK AND LEARN!

## THE COMMANDANT

WILL VISIT

HAMILTON, August 16 and 17 (Great Camp  
Meetings).  
COLBERT'S POINT, August 24, 25 (Great Camp  
Meetings).

## COLONEL HOLLAND

and Territorial Headquarters' Star

Band

BRANTFORD, Saturday and Sunday, July 27, 28.

## The "Kath" "William Booth."

With her Naval Brigade, under the command of  
Adjutant MacGillivray, will visit Dunkirk, U.S.A.  
July 27, 28; Port Colborne, July 29; Buffalo, July  
30, 31; August 1, 2, 3; St. Catharines, August 4, 5;  
Oshawa, August 7, 8; Toronto, August 9, 10, 11.

## Light Brigade Provincial Agents' Appointments.

CAPTAIN AND MISS FROST.—Windsor, S.B., July  
17, 18, 19; Hamilton, July 20, 21, 22; Toronto, August  
1, 2; Truro, August 4, 5; Sydney, N.S., August 7;  
North Sydney, N.S., August 9.

CAPTAIN AND MISS FROST.—July 23, 24, 25;  
Greenwich, July 26, 27; Orillia, July 28, 29; Hamilton,  
August 1, 2; Brantford, August 3, 4; Brantford, August  
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